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ALONE.

BY K. K. S.

I sat in the quiet church alone;
Outside the wind was sighing
A requiem sad, yet soft and sweet,
Where mine own, my dead, are lying.

A moonbeam trembled along the nave;
It lighted that vacant place,
And round where the Easter lilies hung
It hovered a tiny space.

And I lifted mine eyes, for the tear-drops fell
As I looked through the open door;
For my heart may listen, mine eyes may watch,
But he never can enter more!

A WIFE'S PERIL

—OR—

THE PRICE OF HER SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

"MY HEART, MY LOVE, MY LIFE AT YOUR FEET."

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE sat alone in her cell. The matron had been with her the night before, had persuaded her to eat and to drink, so that she was stronger; the ghastly faintness that had held her in its grasp, and which was so much like death itself, had passed. She was one day nearer her doom; this was the twenty-fourth and the assizes began on the twenty-sixth. Not many hours to pass before she would be the center of a crowded court, before a thousand curious eyes would be gazing on her, a thousand ears listening greedily to every word said about her. Men and women would be discussing her as if she were some rare show; they would disagree about her guilt and her innocence. Only a few days! She had not read many murder cases, but she had a distinct recollection of a trial, and of the horrible pause while the jury were deciding on their verdict. In a few hours she too would be waiting to hear her sentence—Guilty or Not guilty!

If it were "Not Guilty," what a sudden sense of freedom would come to her, how she would hasten to get out into the fresh air and sunlight; but even then the world would never be the same place for her, the taint of a prison would be upon her so long as she lived, and the shadow of a dark crime. If it were "Guilty?" Ah! surely Heaven would be pitiful to her, and let her die. She did not think what would happen then, yet girls, young and sensitive as herself, had heard that same terrible doom and had suffered it.

Again the bright sunbeam streamed into the cell through the narrow window; again it fell upon the white folded hands and the fair, sad face. Again the door of the cell opened, and the matron brought in a visitor—not the lawyer this time, but an old friend. At the sight of him Hester Blair sprung from her seat with a low cry, and covered her face with her hands. A young man, evidently a soldier, handsome, with that dark, manly beauty which seems always to appeal most forcibly to woman.

"Mrs. Blair!" he cried. "Oh, Heaven, that I should see you here, and thus!"

"I am innocent!" she cried.

"Innocent," he repeated; "of course you are; innocent as a child. Who should dare to say that you are guilty?"

"My husband did, and you heard him," she said, slowly.

"And I disbelieved him?" he cried. "To me the fact that he should accuse you seemed more terrible than the fact of his death. I have permission from the authorities, Mrs. Blair, to spend an hour with you. I had some difficulty in obtaining it, but I succeeded.

"You are very good, Captain Douglas," she said; "none of those who called themselves my husband's friends have been near me."

"I think they have been paralyzed," he answered, "and you have no idea of the difficulty to obtain an interview with you. Two or three times I have been reduced to perfect despair; but I would not yield to difficulties. I have much to say to you."

Then, with a few kindly words, the matron withdrew, and they were left alone.

He looked in wonder at that beautiful face; he had seen it last by the side of that terrible deathbed; then it was ghastly and livid from fright and horror, now it was white and worn with terror and pain.

She stretched out her hands to him impulsively.

"I am so glad, so thankful to see you," she cried, "yet you bring back all the horrors of that fatal night to me. Oh, Captain Douglas, who could have poisoned my husband?"

"I can not tell, I can not think," he replied; "but I am quite sure of one thing—it was not you."

"No," she replied, "it was not I who did it! But who could it have been?"

"It is the greatest mystery to me," he said, "and one I can not solve. How little we dreamed that evening what a tragedy would take place! How sudden and terrible it was! I can see the drawing-room, and you at the table, the faint light and the rich flowers in the conservatory. I can hear Sir Alan singing; then came those sudden, agonizing cries, that terrible torture and death. I can hardly bear to think of it even now. But it is not of that I have come to speak to you. If your husband still lived, the words which I am going to say to you would be forever unspoken; they are not sinful now—they are out of place, perhaps, but I must utter them, for they are burning my heart away."

She was looking at him with intense interest; she had forgotten for the moment all about the prison, and the trial, and the horrible fate that might await her—her whole mind was concentrated and absorbed in wondering what he had to say to her.

"Forgive me!" he said. "I know the time is wrong and the place is wrong, but I must speak! Perhaps you will not be angry."

"I am sure," she said, "that I shall not be angry."

"I want to tell you that I love you—I love you with my whole heart and soul! From the first moment I saw you, three years ago, you were different to every other woman in the world to me. I did not dare to tell you so. Were you now as you were then I should not dare to do so; but you are free, and I may speak. I take advantage of your freedom to hasten to you, and I care nothing, so far as I am concerned, for the charge that hangs over you—the cruelest ever made. But I hasten in this, the hour of your desolation and anguish, to lay my heart, my love, my life at your feet."

She gazed at him in wonder.

"Do you remember," she asked, "that I am here charged with wilful murder?"

"I know it," he replied.

"Do you know that in a few hours I may be found guilty, and condemned to death?"

"I love you all the better for the danger you are in," he replied. "If all the world believed you guilty, I would lay down my life to prove your innocence!" he cried. "Oh, listen to me, Hester—let me call you by your beautiful name; Hester, let me prove my unalterable love and devotion to you."

"Do you know," she cried, "that if I am found guilty—innocent though I be—that in a few weeks I shall be dead?"

"I know that it is within the hateful bounds of possibility," he cried.

"Then what mockery to speak of love to me, over whom the shadow of death lies!"

"It is no mockery," he said. "It must rather be a comfort for you to know that at least one heart in this world has truest love, truest sympathy and truest devotion."

"A comfort—yes," she murmured; "but then what use can comfort be to me? I never thought," she continued, simply, "that you cared for me."

"I have always controlled myself in your presence," he said, "but from the moment I saw you, you stood alone in the world for me. If your husband, my good and true friend Angus, had lived, I should have gone down to the grave with my secret untold; but you are alone in the world, you need all the help and comfort that the most faithful love can give. I pray you, Hester, take mine—take mine, dear!"

There was a fervor of passion in his voice which moved her greatly, but only with surprise.

"I did not know that any one cared for me," she said, in a low, dreary voice. "I can hardly believe it."

"If I knew how to prove it more easily to you I would do so," he said. "I have not waited until I know what your sentence may be—I hasten to you to avow myself as your friend and champion, as your lover, if you will. I lay my life at your feet."

CHAPTER XII.

"I AM NOT THE ONE."

"I can not understand it, Captain Douglas," said Hester Blair at last.

"I do not think," he replied, quietly, "that it matters whether you understand it, Hester, if only you will accept; I offer you all I have in the world—my life itself, and I ask for your love."

She drew back then with a quick shudder.

"Do not speak to me of love," she said, "not that terrible love that men have for women; of your friendship and kindness I shall be only too happy to avail myself, but love—the very word is horrible to me."

"It must be love, Hester!" he said.

"It can not be," she cried, quickly. "I know nothing of love, and never wish to do so. It seems to me that under its name all cruelties are perpetrated, and it seems to me like a hideous mockery to speak of love to one who may so soon die."

"Not mockery, Hester; think what a comfort in the dark hours of your trial to have a friend and lover near you, to let the whole world see that, no matter how it misjudges you, there is one who believes most supremely in your innocence, that there is one faithful to you unto death."

"You can be my friend and helper without being my lover," she said, gently; but he repeated:

"It must be love, Hester, nothing but love!"

"What can love have to do with a woman absolutely lying under the shadow of death?" she said, despairingly. "Be my friend; Heaven knows that I am friendless enough."

"Hester," he said, gently, "promise me one thing; if you are acquitted, will you marry me?"

A low cry came from her lips, but he went on:

"Listen to me, Hester, listen! Marry me—give the privilege and happiness of taking care of you, of shielding you from all trouble and care. I will take you away from this part of the world, where you have been so cruelly and unjustly treated; I will take you to far-off beautiful lands, where your life shall be one long poem, or a fairy tale; I will make you so happy that you will forget all this black and horrible past. Promise me, Hester?"

"I can not! I can not!" she cried, shrinking from him. "How can you speak to me of marriage when I am, perhaps, on the very brink of the scaffold? It has to me a most horrible sound."

"But, Hester, see how it will comfort you. Take my love, give me yours, and when the trial is over I will take you away, and the rest of your life will be all sunshine."

"And what," she said, slowly, "if I am found guilty?"

"I refuse to believe in any such possibility!" he said; "but even—oh, Hester—should it be so, you would be the happier for knowing that a faithful love went down to the grave with you. I will be content if you will promise to marry me when the trial is over, and you are free."

She stood silent and irresolute for some minutes. Then she said:

"No. I married once without love. Not even to save my life would I do it again. See what has come of it—misery and death! You are very kind to me, very good, but I do not love you, and I have learned my lesson. If I were free now, I would not, even to keep my freedom, marry without love."

"But, Hester, you might love me?" he pleaded.

She looked at him with those beautiful, serious eyes.

"No," she replied, sadly. "I am afraid that I differ from other women, inasmuch as I find it difficult to love; and marriage without love is—ah, no words of mine can tell what it is like. If I had my time, my life over again, and had to choose between a loveless marriage and death, I should prefer death. No, Captain Douglas, I think you are a noble man. I can not tell you how I appreciate your goodness and kindness, your generosity, in seeking me, disgraced and imprisoned, to be your wife. If I have years to live, I shall remember while they last; if I have to die, I shall think of you, and bless you in dying. I—I almost wish that I could love you."

"Try, Hester—oh, try—my darling!"

But the sadness on her fair face deepened.

"No," she said; "it would be useless. I like and respect you; for all time I shall think of you as my best friend; but I could never love you, and if I lived and married you, it would be the same old story again—misery and woe."

His handsome face grew dark with passion as he listened.

"I could make you love, Hester!" he cried. "My own love for you is so great that it must win love in return."

"Ah, no," she said, slowly; "poor Angus said that, but it was not true."

"I would not try to bribe you," he said; "but, Hester, if you would give me some hope I would make some desperate attempt to get you free. I would stand at nothing, if I had but that promise to cheer me."

"Would you not do as much for me without that promise?" she asked.

"Yes, certainly; but it is only in the nature of things that I could do better with it."

Hester Blair was silent for a few minutes, then she said—

"So convinced am I of the utter misery of a marriage without love, that if I could be free this moment on the one condition of marrying you, I would not do it."

"Hester," he said, gently—she had not seemed to notice how continually he had called her by her Christian name—"do you know that when I go out of here, prison cell thought it may be, I leave every hope of my life behind me? Oh, Hester, can you believe me, that I would rather take you from prison here to be my wife than I would take a queen from her throne?"

"I appreciate all your goodness," she said, her beautiful eyes drowned in tears, "but there can never be a question of love between you and me. I hate and dread the very name of love; it seems to make nothing but misery and woe. There seems to me a cruel mockery in talking about either love or marriage when I have nothing before me but death."

There came a rap at the door, and the matron's voice was heard.

"Time has expired, sir."

Captain Douglas rose hurriedly.

"The assizes begin on the twenty-sixth," he said. "Hester, you will not have me for your husband or for your lover, and friendship is a poor substitute for what I fain would give. I shall be there at the time of the trial—I shall be as near you as possible, and you will know that there is one heart full of warmest love and sympathy for you;—say it will comfort you."

"It will," she answered; "you are a noble man, Captain Douglas."

He took her hand in his, and held it tightly clasped.

"Whichever way the trial ends," he said, "I shall see you when it is over; and, my darling, I shall hope to pray my prayer again."

Long after he had left her she remained sobbing, thinking of all that had passed.

It was a great surprise to her; a man whom she had hardly known and hardly noticed, to come and lay his life at her feet. She could never love him, and the chances were, she said to herself bitterly, that she would soon be dead. Yet she could not help feeling cheered, and just a little happier. This proved that the whole world was not against her: she had at least one true friend.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRIAL.

THE day had dawned on which Hester Blair was to know her doom, a fair June morning, ushered in with pomp of sunrise, bloom of flowers, and song of birds.

Never had such a concourse of people met at Ardrossan: the interest and curiosity over the great poisoning case had reached a point almost of frenzy. It is no exaggeration to say that thousands of people filled the streets of the town, all anxious to see something of the great show; to catch a glimpse of the judges, the advocates, the witnesses—anything or any one connected with the great case.

The assize hall at Ardrossan was a very large, square building. The hall in which trials were held was one of the largest in Scotland—a noble court—lofty, well ventilated, with large windows of stained glass and a groined roof. Great galleries surrounded it.

On this June morning it was crowded, and the scene was picturesque in the extreme. The golden sunlight forced its way through the windows of stained glass, producing the most marvelous combinations of color—color that was almost dazzling. The gay dresses of the ladies, the somber attire of the judges, the uniforms worn by the different officers of the court, were all touched by it; the immense mass of faces seemed all lighted by it. The one source of all attraction, the center of observation was the slight girlish figure draped in deep mourning standing in the dock.

Hundreds of people were present to enjoy a new sensation—that of seeing a woman who was still a girl tried for her life; but when the graceful, girlish figure stood there and the beautiful face was unveiled, there were many who wept from sheer pity.

A beautiful woman—yes, they had expected so much—a woman with a dash, perhaps, of defiance. This was a lovely, timid, frightened girl with a sweet face; a face that must once have been radiantly beautiful, but which now seemed worn by pain and tears.

Something like a faint murmur of indignation rose.

"That fair, gentle girl charged with wilful, cruel murder! I would not believe her guilty," cried one enthusiast; "no, not if I had seen her do it!"

Some pitying voice in that vast array against her suggested that she should have a chair—she did not look able to stand. And then began the trial that was to end in life or death for her.

The trial took place before the Lord Chief Justice Blantire, one of the most able judges in Scotland.

Sir Burton Cairnes and Mr. Gerald prosecuted on the part of the Crown; Mr. Dudley Ross, assisted by Mr. Williams, was for the defense. Amidst a solemn silence the indictment was read, and the judge asked the question that has made so many hearts beat; the silence grew deeper and denser when the clear young voice answered:

"Not guilty, my lord!"

It was with difficulty that a cheer was suppressed. Sir Burton Cairnes, in opening the case, said that the prisoner stood charged with one of the most horrible crimes known to the law—that of wilful murder—the murder of her husband, by administering poison to him on the evening of Tuesday, May the twenty-fifth. The circumstances of the case were peculiar, and, he was bound to add, shrouded in mystery.

The prisoner and her late husband were known to have lived on very unhappy terms. There was no affection, no confidence, no trust between them. Although they lived in the same house, they seldom met, seldom spoke; and when they did speak, it was to disagree; there had been a quarrel between them even on the subject of this dinner-party which ended so fatally. Both husband and wife had been overheard in moments of great agitation and irritation to wish themselves free. There was great disparity in age between them; the prisoner was barely twenty-one, the deceased nearly fifty. The marriage had never been a happy one, and there is little doubt but that both were tired of a heavy yoke. There does not appear to have been any jealousy on the part of the deceased—the quarrels between husband and wife arose rather from incompatibility of temper than anything else. Husband and wife appear to have gone out visiting, to have entertained visitors; the house, Colde Fell, was considered a pleasant one to visit. They were possessed of ample means, and the only drawback to their happiness seems to have been a want of affection for each other.

There was a stir in that crowded hall, and a pause; it was well known that this was but the beginning—the opening of the famous poisoning case.

CHAPTER XIV.

"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?"

THERE was perfect silence in court when Sir Burton Cairnes continued his address—

"The case for the prosecution stands as follows: No unusual quarrel took place between husband and wife during the last few days of his life. They disagreed about the dinner-party, and had spoken but rarely since; no new element seems to have been brought into their lives which would have caused such a crisis as this. The details of the case are briefly these: On Tuesday, the twenty-fifth of May, a dinner-party was given at Colde Fell. There were present Sir John Hart and Captain James, who are summoned as witnesses; Sir Alan Fletcher and Captain Archie Douglas. All four gentlemen were true and sincere friends of the deceased. He was, on that evening, in perfect health and in very good spirits. The dinner went off pleasantly; no one observed anything unusual either in host or hostess. After dinner they adjourned to the drawing-room, where, it seems, it was the habit of the master of the house to have coffee served.

"From the plan of the house it will be seen that the drawing-room opens at one end into a large and very handsome conservatory, where the deceased gentleman was in the habit of sitting during the evening.

"On this evening he went there as usual, the night was warm, and he opened the large glass doors that led into the garden. Sir John Hart warned him that the draught of air was too strong, but he laughed, and said it never hurt him.

"The three gentlemen, Mr. Blair, Sir John Hart and Captain James, were all three seated near to each other, talking busily upon subjects that interested them. The servant brought the coffee-tray, as usual, into the room.

"Mrs. Blair proceeded as usual; the servant was dismissed, and she herself carried the coffee to her guests. It may be an important point to consider why the servant was sent away; whether it was Mrs. Blair's custom to dispense the coffee with her own hand. It is, I repeat a very important question.

"The next step in the tragedy is that Mrs. Blair takes a cup of coffee to Sir John Hart. Captain James declined to take any, and after a few minutes' pause Mrs. Blair returned with a cup of coffee for her husband. She placed it on the little table by his side, then—and I wish you particularly to note this fact—she retired from the room, and was not seen again until her husband was dying. An interval of a quarter of an hour took place, when the guests of the deceased gentleman were startled by a cry from his lips—a cry of torture and anguish. It was repeated, and he was in a perfect paroxysm of pain.

"His friends carried him to his room, and during all this time Mrs. Blair did not appear. They sent quickly for a doctor, and, fortunately, the groom dispatched in search of one met with two who were driving to Athole after a consultation, both gentlemen of high professional reputation: Dr. Stewart, of Athole, and Dr. Young of Ardrossan. These gentlemen lost no time in hastening to the assistance of the unfortunate sufferer, whom they found in the agonies of death.

"Everything possible was done for him without avail, and up to this time Mrs. Blair had not appeared upon the scene. The doctors saw at once that the unfortunate gentleman was suffering from poisoning by arsenic, and they said so. He seems to have overheard them, and cried out that it was the cup of coffee that had killed him.

"Some one went to fetch the cup from which he had drunk the coffee, and which was still standing where he had left it. It did not take long to find the traces of arsenic there.

"Now comes what seems to me the crucial part of the case. The maid-servant, Lucy Earnshaw, had gone in search of her mistress, and found her, while all this confusion was going on, seated calmly in her room. In justice, I must admit that the room was in another part of the house.

"Mrs. Blair entered the room, and the dying man, half rising by a great effort, pointed his finger at her.

"'You did it!' he cried. 'You have always hated me! I am dying, poisoned like a rat in a hole, and you did it!'

"His friends crowded round him, one or two remonstrated with him, but he repeated the words and died. An inquest was held, and the verdict was 'Died from poisoning by arsenic.' Mrs. Blair was given into custody, and the house was placed in the hands of the police.

"A search was made, and in a private corner of Mrs. Blair's dressing-case was found a packet of arsenic, from which some small portion had been taken. No other poison was found, although a most minute search was made. Investigations proved that Mrs. Blair had purchased arsenic some time since at the shop of Messrs. Clelland Brothers, High Street, Athole.

"These were the facts the jury had to consider. First, that husband and wife had lived most unhappily; secondly, that the husband had died from the effects of poison which he accused his wife of administering; thirdly, that the same poison was found hidden in his wife's possession.

"All these things he feared would lead to the conclusion that the prisoner was guilty of the crime with which she was charged."

A telling address, that was listened to with breathless interest. The prisoner sat motionless. Even she had not realized how terribly those links fitted one in the other. Then came the witnesses for the prosecution; unwillingly enough, some of them, but justice must be done.

The first called was Sir John Hart, whose pale, sad face and weak voice told what he suffered.

His evidence was important.

"I was sitting in the conservatory with Mr. Blair and Captain James. Mr. Blair was in his usual health and spirits. We were all talking about the coming races at Ardrossan, when Mrs. Blair came in, bringing with her a cup of coffee, which she placed by my side. I dine there often, and Mrs. Blair knows that I like coffee. She asked Captain James to take some; he answered her laughingly that the evening was too warm for anything but seltzer and sherry. Mrs. Blair returned to the drawing-room, and in a few minutes came back with another cup, which she placed by her husband's side. I can not remember whether any words passed between them or not. Then Mrs. Blair left the room."

Witness continued the details of this event. When he had concluded, it seemed as though his evidence was dead against her.

She had watched him steadily the whole time he spoke, her face growing paler, and the hunted look growing deeper in her eyes.

Captain James was called next, and he gave the same evidence, different in no one respect from that of Sir John Hart. There was something almost dramatic in the manner in which he described the scene in that terrible death-chamber.

Neither Sir Alan Fletcher nor Captain Douglas had been called to give evidence, as they knew even less than Sir John and Captain James.

Then came the evidence of the doctors, both dead against her; every grave and earnest word they uttered seemed to make the case against her darker and blacker. It was the same incriminating story—the husband's accusation, and the finding of the arsenic in the prisoner's possession.

Then came the groom, and the lady's-maid, Lucy Earnshaw; lastly, the assistant, Charles Ransom, from Messrs. Clelland, who swore to having sold arsenic to the prisoner on such a date, and produced the book signed by herself.

Then the fatal links of evidence seemed to be complete; those who had said to themselves that she was too young, too innocent for so foul a crime, wavered in their opinion; those who, believing in her youth and beauty, had proclaimed their faith in her, lost it—the chain of evidence was so clear and complete, there was not one flaw in it. Faces that had been indifferent grew sad; it was pitiful to look at her and think of the horrible fate awaiting her.

"I shall never believe in a fair face again," said more than one man in the vast crowd. Then the deep, sonorous voice of Sir Burton Cairnes was heard again. This was the case for the prosecution. The witnesses had gone through very little cross-examination; there was no ground—every one had the same story to tell, the evidence of one did not differ in the least from the evidence of the other. There was great wonder in the crowd as to what the line of defense would be. No one could guess, even ever so faintly, what course it would take.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VERDICT.

IN ALL the annals of the law no more brilliant defence has ever been recorded than that made by Dudley Ross in favor of Mrs. Blair. It was a masterpiece of eloquence, of subtle reasoning, of close argument. People listened entranced; they would have so listened all day. He spoke for four hours, and the attention of his hearers never flagged.

He took the points that had been brought against her one after the other, and, in the opinion of many, completely demolished them.

The first point which had been made much of by the prosecution was the unhappy terms on which husband and wife lived. It had been thought that this formed the motive of the crime.

He proved that there was no such motive. If the prisoner had wished to get rid of her husband, even at the price of a great crime, she could have done so long ago; she would not have waited all those years. And then he told, in the most pathetic words, the story of her marriage; the story of the beautiful child who sacrificed herself for her father's sake. He told how she had appealed to the man she married, even against him; how she pleaded, prayed and warned him, and how when she found that there was no other way of saving her father, she voluntarily sacrified herself; and he spoke, in sweet, sad words, of Jephthah's daughter.

Her story, as he told it, was one of the most pathetic ever heard. It accounted entirely for all the unhappiness and disunion that resulted from the marriage.

Then he dealt with the details of the case; the first being that Mrs. Blair herself had taken a cup of poisoned coffee to her husband.

He proved, by calling the different servants as witnesses, that she was in the constant habit of doing so; that the parlor-maid who carried in the coffee-tray rarely, if ever, waited to carry it round; there was nothing, therefore, unusual in that. As any proof of complicity or guilt, it fell to the ground.

The next circumstance on which the prosecution dwelt was the fact that Mrs. Blair, immediately after placing the coffee by her husband's side, had quitted the drawing room, and had shut herself in her own room. Again he proved clearly that

Mrs. Blair often did the same thing; that when her husband's four intimate friends dined there, she considered it almost a bachelors' party, and that she generally remained in the drawing-room for half an hour, then left the gentlemen to play at cards or billiards, as they would; so that this circumstance, supposed by the prosecution to be so much against her, was rather, as he took it, a proof of innocence than guilt.

Then came what he felt to be the chief evidence the prosecution brought against her—namely, the accusation of her husband. "To his mind," he said, that evidence carried with it no weight. The unfortunate gentleman disliked his wife, and it was only natural that, looking upon her as his enemy—as a person whom he disliked, and as one who disliked him—it was natural that his thoughts and suspicions should first fly to her. Then she had taken the coffee to him, and it was in that fatal cup he had found his death; it was only natural that she having given the cup he should believe that she had given him the poison. Supposing Sir John Hart or Alan Fletcher had carried the cup to him, he might, and with as much justice, have accused either of them.

He asked them to look at the prisoner in the dock—so young, so fair, so gentle—utterly incapable even of conceiving a crime so black and terrible.

He came to another detail, on which the prosecution relied greatly for its success—that was the finding of arsenic in the prisoner's possession.

He could account for it, and he explained the girlish vanity and desire to "keep her complexion" which had led the young girl to make her fatal purchase.

He pointed out how improbable it was that if she had intended to use the arsenic against her husband she would have purchased it in a neighboring town where she was well known, and would have signed her name, she would surely have made some attempt to conceal her purchase. Then, again, if the arsenic had been purchased with the express intention of poisoning her husband, why had she kept it locked up for some months before using it?"

"Again, and this," said Mr. Ross, "is the strongest point in her favor. If the prisoner had purchased this poison for the purpose of taking her husband's life, and had used it for that purpose, surely, when the doctors spoke of arsenic, her first thought would have been to hasten to her room and throw it away. The very fact that she had entirely forgotten the presence of the packet of arsenic in her dressing-case proves most clearly the fact of her perfect innocence. Mrs. Blair was not taken into custody at once; she had ample time to have gone to her dressing-case and have destroyed the packet. A guilty person would have done so at once."

There was a murmur through the court which was instantly repressed. It seemed a strange thing that the finding of the arsenic in the prisoner's possession, which was the strongest point for the prosecution, was also the strongest point for the defense. And then Mr. Ross made an appeal to the jury which almost electrified them. He warned them against being led away by appearances, by circumstantial evidence, and he warned them against a verdict which would end so young a life.

There was a pause, and each one seemed to draw a long breath. Those who had listened with grave faces and hearts to the evidence against the prisoner, who had said to themselves that, in spite of all, she must be guilty, now looked and felt relieved. She herself was still in a dream; it seemed to her that on one side was the cruel, wicked woman who had done the deed, on the other the deeply injured woman who had been so wrongfully accused. She was struck, even in the midst of her maze of doubt and terror, by the anxious expression on the face of Captain Douglas.

"That must save her," he said to himself. "It can not do otherwise."

On the face of the girl herself, perfectly beautiful and perfectly colorless, there was now neither hope nor fear. She had heard so much that was bad of herself, and so much that was good, she had begun to lose sight of her own identity altogether. Then the judge summed up, and a more able summing-up was never given.

Nothing escaped him, everything in the prisoner's favor was placed most carefully before them; everything that told against her was as fairly represented; he held the scales of justice most evenly balanced—no one could say that his sympathies were with the prisoner or that he was prejudiced against her; he was lucid, just and fair. There were times when his powerful words impressed that vast audience with a conviction of her guilt; there were times, again, when her innocence seemed fairly established.

Then the grand, sonorous voice ceased, and the hour had come!

Her heart beat so terribly, it seemed to her that others must hear it.

The jury retired to consider their verdict. As she watched them leave the court, her very life seemed to go with them. "Guilty, or Not Guilty?" She would soon know her fate—freedom or the scaffold stood before her! A few minutes, or a few hours, and she should know.

A glass of cold water was brought to her, which she drank eagerly, and then—oh, Heaven! that the agony of it did not kill her!—the jury returned. The suspense and excitement were something terrible. One wild prayer went from her heart to her lips—one prayer, that Heaven would take pity on her.

The verdict! The verdict! That vast crowd was as silent as the grave while it was given; it was neither "Guilty" or "Not guilty," but the old Scotch verdict of "NOT PROVEN."

CHAPTER XVI.

"NOT PROVEN."

WHEN those two most expressive words were heard there was a stir in that crowd as a great wind stirs the heavy boughs of the lime-trees. Some had felt certain that, owing to the strong evidence against her, she would be found guilty; others, who had listened more eagerly to the defense, felt that the verdict must be "Not guilty." "Not proven" took them by surprise; nor was the sensation lessened when the faint voice of the prisoner was heard crying:

"Not that! Oh, not that! If I am guilty let me die! If I am innocent let me go free! but not that!"

She wrung her hands in an access of despair; but the judge insisted on silence, and when it was restored he continued:

"Hester Blair, after a long and patient trial the verdict of the jury is 'Not proven.' I regret that I can not say to you those comforting words—'You leave the court without a stain upon your character.' The charge still lies against you. It is not removed, but it is not proven."

It was against all rules and precedence that she cried out:

"I am innocent, my lord. The day will come when Heaven will prove it, since earth refuses me justice."

"You have had perfect justice," replied his lordship. "I have never witnessed a more perfectly even trial. I myself hardly see how the jury could have come to any other decision. The evidence against you was exactly equal to that in your favor.

It was over then; the famous trial that had attracted the attention of the three kingdoms for three days—over, and it left a certain sense of dissatisfaction in the minds of most people. They would have liked a settled verdict. Had she committed the crime or had she not? Was she innocent or guilty? "Not proven" did not tell them.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate victim of all this excitement and sensation was led, half swooning, from the dock. To her mind the verdict was terrible. If she had been found guilty, a certain desperate courage would have come to her; if innocent—a great content. Now she felt neither. She was hopeless and in despair. The last thing she saw as the attendant led her away was the handsome face of Captain Douglas, looking years younger in its expression of relief.

She was taken into a small anteroom, where Mr. Ross joined her. She looked very pale and worn, but marvelously beautiful in spite of all that she had gone through.

"How am I to thank you?" she said. "You have saved my life—but why have they given this cruel verdict after all that you said to them? They ought to have seen that I was innocent—why did they not say so?"

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. Blair," replied Dudley Ross, who looked ill and exhausted, "the verdict is more favorable than ever I dared to hope it would be. Some of the points against you were so strong."

"But what am I to do?" she cried—"what will become of me? Do you not see that such a verdict blights my whole life?"

"I see," he replied, sadly, "yet not much more than a verdict of innocent would have done. A charge of this kind ruins any one's life; no one can ever recover social position or station after it. You can not—you can not retain your name, you can not remain in the neighborhood, or live amongst your old friends; your whole life must be changed."

"And I am quite alone, without one creature in the wide world to care for me," she said, wearily. "Oh, Mr. Ross, but that it was such a dreadful death—death itself would have been easier to bear."

His heart was full of pity for her, but he tried to cheer her.

"Be of good heart, Mrs. Blair," he said, gently. "You remember the old proverb, 'Many a cloudy morning brings forth a sunny day.' You have had the cloudy morning, you will have all the sunshine hereafter."

"I am afraid," she said, "for my whole heart is weary, my whole soul is sick."

"Shall you go back to Colde Fell?" he asked, suddenly.

"No, never," she replied—"never! I dread even the name of the place. I shall never return to Mr. Blair's house, nor shall I ever touch his money—it can all go to his next of kin."

"But you are giving up a large fortune," said Mr. Ross.

"If I kept it, everybody would look upon it as blood-money," she replied. "I shall never touch it; I have money of my own, Mr. Ross. Mr. Blair was lavishly indulgent to me in the way of pocket-money. When his rents came in he thought nothing of throwing a fifty-pound note to me. I had nothing to purchase with it; I gave the greater part of it away, but I have more than five hundred pounds in the bank. I shall take that, and no other."

"You will be able to begin a new life with that," he said. "I have a plan which, if it meets with your approval, will be a most excellent one," said Mr. Ross, when he was suddenly interrupted by a tap at the door—one of the court officials to say that Captain Douglas had permission to see Mrs. Blair before she left the building.

"I will leave you, then, for the present," said Dudley Ross, "and I will return to discuss my project with you when your visitor leaves."

The next minute Captain Douglas stood before her.

"Do not congratulate me," she said; "I can hardly bear my fate."

"I must," he replied, "for there were many in the vast crowd who expected worse; at least you will live! Now let me say what I have come for. I am here once more to lay my life and my love at your feet. The deeper the shadow that the world throws over you the brighter and clearer shines my love. Branded for life as you are in the eyes of the world, you are the fairest queen in mine. I love you better in your disgrace and despair than if you were the brightest, the happiest, and the most prosperous! Hester, listen to me! If you will but give me your consent, I will make you my wife to-day. To show how little I care for what you call the prison taint, I will purchase a special license, and be proud to make you my wife; I will defy the whole world and care only for you. I would risk, dare, defy everything! I care nothing for what the world says! I would defy twenty such worlds for you! I would live for you or die for you! Ah, Hester, do not drive this great love away; say but one word, and I will proudly show the world what I think of you—how glad I am to win you; and I will take you away from all this scene of shame and sorrow; I will take you to fair lands where life shall be one dream of delight."

"Do not tempt me," she cried, despairingly.

"Let me tempt you," he said, gently. "I will make you so happy, Hester, you will forget all this as quickly as one forgets a bad dream. The time shall come when you will love and bless me. Oh, my beloved, let me tempt you to life, to love, to happiness!"

She wrung her hands as she listened.

"It is a terrible temptation," she cried. "Oh, Heaven, help me to resist it."

Then drawing herself away from him, she said, resolutely:

"No. I do not love you, and I will not marry you. Marriage without love brings ruin. See what it has brought to me. No; I will suffer shame, privation, anything rather than that!"

"I shall never take 'No' for an answer!" he cried, "never while the world lasts and you are in it!"

"I will not be tempted," she replied. "I will never again do to myself or to any man the injustice to marry without love. I thank you. You will never know how I thank you; you will never know how you have raised me in my own estem; how you have saved me from the very depths of despair; how you have shown me that I have still a place amongst women. I thank you that you have paid me so great a compliment, but I can never marry you."

"I shall never cease to ask you," he cried, "and I shall never up my hope. I shall follow you to the world's end."

"And at the world's end I shall still say 'No,'" she replied, with a faint smile.

"Where are you going now?" he asked.

"I do not know. I have not made up my mind," she answered.

"You will write to me," he pleaded, "and let me know where I can see you?"

"I will think of it," she said; and they parted, little dreaming how and when they should meet again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

TYPES.—When types were first invented they were made to imitate the letters made by the copyist, and great pains were taken to cause the printed volumes to resemble the work of the monks.

CLAM.—It is not generally remembered that the earlier spelling of the name of the clam was clamp. He is so called because the shells are so firmly clamped together. As late as Josselyn, in his "Rarities," published in 1672, he spells the word "clam, or clamp." Bradford, fifty years before, wrote the plural "clames."

SNAKES.—Field-snakes entered largely into popular medicines a hundred years ago, and for many years viper's fat was used as an embrocation. Even to the present day, in country parts there may be found people who believe that snake oil is good for a bruise, just as there are thousands who are firmly convinced that eel-skins will cure rheumatism.

BUILDING.—Early English building was done with what would now be called very small stones, and the unwillingness or inability of the workmen to raise and deal with heavy masses is indicated in a sculptured representation of the building of Babel preserved in the Chapter House of Salisbury. Workmen are there shown in the act of walking up the ladders carrying stones on their backs.

STRANGE FRIENDS.—Affection between racehorses and cats is rare enough to make it worth while to put on record two instances of it. Lord Godolphin owned a famous Barb horse, of which a cat was so fond that it was always to be found near it, or nestling on its back. When the horse died in 1753, aged twenty-nine years, the cat refused all food, pined away, and died of grief. In the other case the racehorse showed the more active fondness, for it would pick up the cat with its mouth without hurting it, and then place it on its back.

TREE GROWING.—Queen Victoria has despatched her head forester at Balmoral to Germany, in order that he may investigate the methods of tree growing which are adopted on the estates of the Duke of Coburg, the Prince of Furstenberg, and other great forest owners. There are about 25,000 acres of woodlands on the Queen's Scotch estates at Balmoral and Birkhall, principally pines, firs, larches and spruces. The Queen's finest forest is Balloonbule, which was purchased by her Majesty in 1878. It extends to 10,000 acres, and consists of primeval Scot firs, with many noble pine trees.

GOOD MATCHES.—The late Duke Maximilian, father of the Empress of Austria, was one of the most simple and affable of men. One day, as he was traveling in the train between his country residence and Vienna, he fell into conversation with a banker from Stuttgart. "Are you going to Vienna?" asked the Duke. "Yes—to see my daughter. She has just been married." "Ah!" said the Duke. "Mine has just married also. Was it a good match?" "Excellent! And that of your daughter?" "Not bad, either." "My daughter married the banker Goldschmid." "Mine the Emperor of Austria."

A LATE MARRIAGE.—The parish register of Greenwich Eng., records the marriage, 1685, November 18, of "John Cooper, of this parish. Almsman in Queen Elizabeth College, aged 103, and Margarett Thomas, of Charlton in Kent, aged 80 years, by License of ye Lord Bishop of Rochester, and leave of ye Governors of ye Drapers." It would be difficult, in all probability, after this lapse of time, to substantiate the age of the bridegroom, but that of the bride indicates, I think, that Cooper, whether centenarian or no, was, at any rate, a very old man. One wonders "who proposed."

SELKIRK'S LOOK-OUT.—The isle of Juan Fernandez, situated in the Pacific Ocean, some 400 miles west of Chili, must always be of interest as the home for four years and four months of Alexander Selkirk, the Large buccaneer, whose story is said to have given to Defoe the idea for "Robinson Crusoe." There is a hill on the island called "Selkirk's Look-out" from the fact that it was on its top that he kept watch for a passing ship that might take him from this "horrible place," where he was monarch of all he surveyed. Some say that it was the West Indian island of Tobago, and not Juan Fernandez, that was Crusoe's isle.

UNDER THE TREES.

BY E. M. S.

It must be twenty years ago,
  The time I call to mind;
Her graceful, nut-brown tresses
  Were sporting in the wind.
No fairer maid o'er walk'd the earth
  I thought, and think so yet,
As there she stood, with laughing eyes,
  The eye when first we met
    Under the trees.

What wonder that I fell in love,
  And moped from day to day?
The first glance of those bright blue eyes
  Had stolen my heart away!
I haunted that enchanted spot;
  And in the twilight grey
I said, in ardent language,
  Whate'er I had to say,
    Under the trees.

Her wish'd-for answer came at length,
  In tones so soft and low,
I really can't say what she said;
  'Twas but a word or so.
I know that we were happy,
  And had no thought of care,
As hand in hand we linger'd
  In pleasant converse there,
    Under the trees.

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALONE WITH THE SEA-GULLS.

AN UNEARTHLY cry rang out into the silence, and was echoed back from the roof and sides of the cave till it died away in a plaintive wail—a cry which seemed to come from a soul in agony, rather than from any mortal being in physical fear. Lord Alceston shuddered, but he only tightened his grasp.

"Out into the light!" he cried, fiercely dragging his captive toward the entrance of the cave. "Let me see the face of the man who led me this mad chase."

The man sank down upon the ground as though exhausted.

"For the love of God and for your own everlasting peace of mind, Lord Bernard," he moaned, "leave me here! I swear by everything that is good and true that it will be better for you not to look upon my face. Let me go! Oh, let me go!"

"Not I!" cried Lord Alceston, peering through the twilight in a vain attempt to distinguish the features of his captive. "Get up, and come outside, or by heaven I'll carry you."

"Listen to me, Lord Clanavon!" cried the other in a weak, hollow tone. "There is no exit to this cave, and as the tide comes in, that passage," pointing backward, "is impassable. Go back quickly, or you will be too late, and leave me here. Death will be welcome to me."

Lord Alceston made no answer, but reaching down he lifted up the crouching form like a baby, and stooping low down he carried him to the entrance of the cave and out into the fading daylight. Then he sat him down.

"Get up, and don't lie there grovelling like a woman," he said sternly. "Get up, and tell me what you mean by this strange behavior, and who you are."

The man did not move. Lord Clanavon stooped down on one knee and tore asunder the interlaced hands, which covered the wan, thin face. Then he let them go as though they had stung him, and staggered back.

"Neillson!" he cried. "My God!"

There was a dead silence between the two men after the recognition. Lord Alceston had stepped back a pace or two, and was leaning against a fragment of rock with a dazed look in his face. Neillson had risen slowly and with difficulty to his feet, and was standing quite still, breathing hard, and with his eyes fixed upon the wide expanse of sea. It was a strange meeting, not devoid of a certain dramatic interest. But the first sentence which passed between them was a common place one.

"You have been ill," Lord Alceston said slowly.

The man laughed—a strange, hollow, little laugh, which, low though it was, was caught up and echoed back from the cliffs with grim effect.

"Ay, I have been ill," he answered, looking down at himself curiously.

His clothes, once black, now stained and soiled with sea water and wet sand, hung about him in loose, empty folds. There were hollows underneath his cheek bones and deep black lines under his restless, unnaturally bright eyes. A continual tremor seemed to have laid hold of his shrunken form, and his breathing came with great difficulty. His appearance was very much the appearance of a man who has risen from his death-bed.

"Ay, I have been ill," he repeated, suddenly turning round and facing the other. "Why have you come here, Lord Alceston? Why could you not have let me die in peace?"

"I came, not in search of you," was the answer. "I came to go through some of my father's papers, and discovered that some one was living in secrecy in my own house. Had I not the right to know who it was? How came you here?"

"I came because it was a safe hiding-place."

"How was it that Mrs. Smith has sheltered you?"

"She is my mother. Mothers will do a great deal to save their sons from the gallows, you know. Besides, she had instructions from the countess."

Lord Clanavon shuddered.

"Your mother?" he repeated

"Ay; she is my mother."

"But her name is Smith."

"So is mine. The earl always called me Neillson because it had been the name of his first servant and he couldn't get out of using it. That was many years ago. The name has become my own."

"Neillson," said Lord Alceston, slowly, "if I had known that it was you who were occupying that secret chamber I might have gone away and left you in peace. I say—I might; whether I should have done so or no I cannot tell. But now that we met face to face and alone," he glanced round with a slight shudder, as though for the first time aware of the dreariness of the surroundings, "you shall tell me—about that night."

"May God seal my lips forever if I do!" cried Neillson, passionately. "Oh, be wise, Lord Clanavon! I have been a faithful servant—faithful to death," he added in a lower tone, "for I stand even now upon the threshold of death. I can say no more. You may believe me a murderer if you will. You may take me up and throw me into the sea if you will. I will not resist. I could not if I would. But I will tell you nothing."

"What if I have you arrested as my father's murderer? There is a warrant out against you."

"Then if I lived so long I should probably be hanged," he answered. "I am no scholar, my lord, but I remember two lines of Shakespeare, which struck me once:

'You may as well go stand upon the shore,
And bid the main Flood bate his usual height.'

Lord Clanavon, you may as well go stand upon that rock and cry out to the waves to come no further as bid me tell you anything about that night!"

There was a force in his shaking voice which spoke of a resolution which no words could shake. Lord Alceston turned round without another word. "Let us go from this place," with a shudder. "How came you to know of that passage?"

"From the earl. I never thought to be obliged to use it though—to have to creep about the bowels of the earth like a hunted rat."

They stooped down and entered the cave. Then both started, and a look of horror flashed into Neillson's white face.

"Listen!" he cried. "Listen!" His voice was well-nigh drowned in the wild roar of rushing water and its heavy splashing against the rock-hewn sides of the passage. While they stood there a torrent of green sea streaked with white came foaming out of the entrance to the secret way, and reached to their feet.

"My lord—Lord Bernard!" cried Neillson, wringing his hands. "I am a murderer now indeed. Fool, idiot, that I was to keep you here."

"What has happened—what does this mean?" he cried.

"The sea is round us. It floods the secret passage at every tide, and it has done so now. We cannot get back."

"And here—does the tide reach here?" cried Lord Alceston.

Neillson pointed to the dripping roof.

"The cave is submerged," he answered, bitterly.

Lord Alceston rushed outside. Already the long waves were rolling to within a few yards of the cave's mouth, and the salt spray was dashed in showers into his face as he stood there. He looked wildly around. The cliffs on either side stood far out into the sea, and nowhere on their smooth perpendicular sides, shining with wet, was there the least chance of ascending even a few feet. While he stood there gazing hopelessly around, a great wave came bounding out from the mouth of the cave behind and flowed around him almost to his knees. Dripping with wet and breathless, Neillson staggered out to his side, sobbing and crying.

"Oh, Lord Bernard! Lord Bernard," he cried, "I have brought you here to die. God forgive me!"

Lord Alceston was pale, and there was a sad, wistful look in his blue eyes. But there was no fear in his face. He was something of a philosopher, something of a Christian, and altogether a high-spirited young Englishman, with all the noblesse of his order, and a profound contempt of fear in any shape. Death stared him in the face, but he was equal to it. Had there been hope, had it been a more doubtful matter—he might have been agitated. As it was, he was quite calm.

"It is nothing to do with you, Neillson," he said quietly. "It is a hard thing, but I am not afraid to die. Say your prayers, man, if you know any."

A dull, lethargic composure seemed to creep over the two men. They stood knee-deep in the cruel green sea, which came curling about them, ever creeping upward, and they gazed with dull eyes over the blank sea. After a while Lord Clanavon roused himself as though with an effort.

"When the sea comes to my neck, Neillson," he said, quietly, "I am going to swim. The village is round the western promontory, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Neillson, in a choking voice, "but you cannot pass the breakers."

Lord Clanavon looked at the long line of foam streaked, seething waves, and sighed.

"I suppose not," he said. "But it is hard to die without making an effort. I shall try. Listen to me, Neillson. In a few hours we shall both be in another world. I do not blame you, mind, but you know that it is through you that we are in this position."

"I know it," Neillson groaned.

Lord Clanavon put his hand on his shoulder kindly.

"I am not blaming you, Neillson. You fled here thoughtlessly, I know. I only mention this because I am going to ask you a favor."

"You want me to tell you——"

"Ay, I should die easier if I knew."

"Come outside, Lork Bernard. It will take me some few minutes to tell you all, and if we climb that rock it will give us a little longer."

Lord Alceston, stronger by far than his companion, and a trained athlete, clambered easily to the summit of the slippery boulder. Then, stooping down, he dragged Neillson up to his side, and waited patiently while he recovered his breath.

There they stood in the dreary twilight, with the tall cliffs frowning around them, and the sea-gulls shrieking above their heads, while below the cruel, hungry sea was sweeping in, creeping higher and higher at every moment. Lord Alceston, finding his companion was shaking and trembling with the cold and agitation, passed his strong arm around him and held him up. Then he held his breath and stooped his head to hear from those white, trembling lips the story of his father's murder.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A DRAMA OF DEATH.

"LET ME give you one more chance, Lord Bernard," said Neillson, speaking rapidly, but in a low, tremulous tone. "Let me swear to you here, on the threshold of death, by every hope I have of another world, that it will be better for you if you let me carry my secret with me untold into the grave which awaits us. You will die a happier man—and so shall I."

"You have passed your word, Neillson, and I claim it," was the firm, unhesitating answer. "Speak. I am waiting, and the time is short."

He commenced at once. His voice was weak and broken with agitation, but in Lord Alceston's ears it drowned the wild, onward rush and backward motion of the angry waves and rang out above the screech of the dragged pebbles and the weird cries of the wheeling sea-gulls. He heard nothing but that faltering voice, pouring out an ill-told, disconnected story of which he fast gathered up the threads. It seemed in those few minutes, which he looked upon as his last on earth, almost as though his intelligence and perceptions were quickened and intensified—as though everything which he was told, every fact and incident, stood out in bolder colors, and his mind was gifted with added powers of reception and comprehension. And this is the story to which he listened:

"I was engaged by Mr. Brudnell to be your father's confidential servant just before he started for a brief Continental tour. He was then only twenty-one years old, but he was an orphan, as your lordship knows, and his own master.

"We travelled about for some time in a leisurely manner, staying longest in Paris and at a little village up among the Swiss mountains. Except for Paris, your father seemed to care very little for cities, and we spent most of our time in out-of-the-way places. Chance led us to a small watering-place on the French coast, within a short distance of Nice. My master liked the place, and we took up our quarters for some time at the hotel.

"It was here, at the casino, that your father met the Count d'Augeville. The count was of good family, and had very pleasant manners. A slight acquaintance, begun in the most casual way, grew into intimacy. Alas! Alas! Alas!

"Soon your father began to visit at the count's villa. It was a nice place, right away from the town, and finely situated close to the cliffs. The count was a widower, with two daughters. To sum him up at once, he was also a scoundrel and a gambler.

"The daughters were twins, both beautiful and wonderfully alike. From the moment of his introduction to them a change seemed to come over my master. During all the time I had been with him I had scarcely seen him speak to a woman, except when he had been obliged. Now he seemed completely bewitched. He was always there, either riding or walking on the cliffs or driving into the town with one of them.

"Cecile and Marie were their names. They were both in love with him, I am sure. Which he preferred I could not tell at that time. When he sent bouquets and presents he generally sent to both of them, and he was with one as often as the other. Of course there was a good deal of gossip about them in the town, but Miss Cecile's name was generally mentioned. Miss Marie had another admirer, to whom she was generally supposed to be engaged, and whom she afterward married.

"While this was going on in the daytime my master was losing large sums of money—being cheated out of them, in fact, every night by Count d'Augeville. Once I remember he had to go to England to raise the money for a debt owing to him. Then I ventured to remonstrate with him, and very nearly got dismissed.

"It was one night when we were at the Villa d'Augeville. The count and my master had been playing cards all the evening, and were sitting at a little round table close to the window, which was open. They had finished, when my master saw me strolling about the garden and called me in.

"'Neillson,' he said, 'I wish you to listen to what I am going to say to the Count d'Augeville.'

"The count looked up, startled. My master went on quite calmly.

"'You hold me your debtor for to-night's play to the amount of twelve thousand francs, I believe?'

"'That is the amount,' the count said.

"'And you have won during the last month about one hundred and twenty thousand francs from me?'

"The count frowned. 'I don't remember the amount,' he said, haughtily. 'Gentlemen don't talk about such things afterward.'

"'The hundred and twenty thousand francs I have paid,' my master continued. 'This twelve thousand I shall not pay.'

"'And why the devil not?' cried the count, springing up.

"'Because the odds are scarcely fair. In return for the lesson which you have just given me, Count d'Augeville, permit me to give you one. Gentlemen do not play poker with marked cards.'

"As he spoke he snatched at the pack which was lying between them on the table and passed them to me.

"'Examine those cards, Neillson,' he said, coolly. 'You observe where each one is marked at the right-hand corner?'

"I saw it at once, and told him so. Then he passed them on to the two other gentlemen, who had advanced from the other end of the room. They both looked at them and shrugged their shoulders. The fact that they were marked cards was undeniable.

"The count had been sitting quite still, pale and dazed. Even now he did not speak a word, and my master went on:

"'Under these circumstances, Count d'Augeville, I shall not remain any longer under your roof. I have to inform you

that your daughter Cecile was married to me last week at the Protestant church at Nice. I am sorry that I have not a copy of the certificate with me, but you will find the entry in the book if you care to go and look for it. I intend my wife to leave this house with me to-night.'

"Suddenly we heard the sound of trailing draperies behind, and Mlle. Marie swept up to the little group, her face white with passion, and her great eyes gleaming like fire in the moonlight.'

"'It is false, mon pere!' she cried, falling on her knees before him. 'He is base, perfidious, a traitor. Cecile is not married to him. If she leaves this house with him to-night she will go to her ruin. You will not let her go, father, wicked man that he is. He put those cards on the table himself. I saw him do it.'

"His daughter's words seemed to give the count fresh courage. He sprang to his feet, shaking with anger.

"'You are a liar, Alceston!' he cried, passionately. 'You shall give me satisfaction for this, and at once.'

"My master stood up quietly.

"'I shall not fight you,' he said, 'because, in the first place, you are my wife's father; and in the next, you are a common thief, unworthy to cross swords with an English nobleman.'

"How he did it I don't know, but somehow Count d'Augeville hurled a wine-glass which hit my master on the forehead. I saw the blood streaming down his forehead, but he scarcely seemed to notice it.

"'You rascal!' screamed the count. 'I am noble, too, and you shall fight me!'

"My master hesitated for a moment; then he touched his forehead lightly.

"'After this,' he said, 'I rescind my words. I am at your service when and where you please.'

"'Now; this moment!' cried the count. 'The moon is full, and it is as light as day. M. d'Armande will be your second. Victor, you will stand by me in this!' he said to the other man, whose name I have forgotten.

"My master lifted the curtain and looked outside. It was, as the count had said, as light as day.

"'As you will,' he said, carelessly. 'M. d'Armande, will you honor me?'

"M. Victor and Count d'Augeville whispered together for a moment or two; then the latter came up to my master and M. d'Armande.

"'Monsieur the Count,' he said, 'has no dueling pistols at hand, but several rapiers. Has Lord Alceston any objection to fight with these weapons?'

"'Not the slightest,' my master answered. I saw a savage gleam of joy flash into Count d'Augeville's face. No doubt he thought that because my master was an Englishman he could not fence. But I knew better, and I was glad of the choice. I knew that my master was the most brilliant swordsman I had ever seen. One never knows what may happen with pistols; but with swords I felt quite sure that my master must win.

"They opened the windows and trooped down the broad, white steps on to the lawn. My master was the last to go, and as he was quitting the room Mlle. Marie laid hold of his arm and whispered something imploringly in his ear. He shook her off and turned away without a word. I shall never forget her face. If a look could have slain him he would have been a dead man.

"It was a strange scene on that little plot of grass—I don't think I ever saw a stranger one. The whole garden was heavy with the scent of flowers and creepers, mingled with the aromatic perfume of the plantation of pine trees which bordered the grounds and sloped townward to the sea. Everything was as light and as clear as day, only there was the deep midnight stillness and the starlit sky. The figures on the lawn, with their drawn swords flashing coldly in the moonlight, seemed like a party of devils breaking into Paradise. The count's face was drawn and distorted with rage, and the other two seemed agitated too. Only my master stood there quite calm, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, leaning upon his sword, and with an odd smile upon his lips. I went to him and asked if he had anything to say to me. He only laughed.

"'If we fence till daylight,' he said, 'the count will never touch me. I never felt in better form.'

"I have seen one or two duels, but I never saw another one like that. The count went at my master like a fury, but he never seemed to get anywhere near him. My lord stood his ground quite carelessly, smiling all the time, as though he were a fencing-master, indulging a pupil with a little loose play and parrying every thrust with ridiculous ease. The count tried him every way—in carte, in tierce, in cercle, in octave, in seconde, but it was all the same. My lord was always his superior, and if he had chosen he could have run the count through time after time with the simplest repass; but he never once attempted it.

"They had been engaged nearly half an hour before the end came, and very unexpected it was to all of us. The count was fencing very loosely, and my lord, to vary it a little, drew back, and with a powerful flangonet sent the count's sword a dozen yards into the air. The count somehow lost his balance and fell forward. My lord being used to the most correct fencing, had brought his sword into line again immediately; he had concluded the flangonet, and the count fell right upon it before he could draw back.

"We heard the sword enter his body, and almost at once it came out at his back dripping with blood. My lord drew it back and leaned over the count, who fell heavily backward without a single cry.

"'He has only himself to blame for this,' my lord said, wiping his sword on the grass, and for the first time turning pale. 'I would have spared him if I could.'

"I never saw any one die so quickly. He just drew himself up once, clutched at the air with his fingers, and then fell back dead. But the most awful part was to come. While they were all gathered around him a tall, white figure glided down from the steps and across the grass toward them. Lord Bernard, death is close upon us, but even now the memory of that girl's face makes me shudder more than the thought of those hungry waves below. It was awful. She threw herself down on the grass by his side and wound her arms around him. But she knew directly that he was dead.

"They all fell back and stood silent. My lord for the first time appeared to be agitated, and, dropping his sword, covered his face with his hands. Suddenly she turned round upon him, the moonlight flooding down upon her beautiful golden hair and ivory-marble face.

"'You!' she cried. 'You! My God, was it you?'

"He moved out of the shade of the cypress tree under which he had been standing and stretched out his arms imploringly to her. But she waved him away.

"'Out of my sight!' she cried wildly. 'Away, away! Never come near me again. Never! Murderous coward, to kill an old man!'

"'Cecile,' he cried, 'it was his own fault! Ask them if it was not. You are my wife, remember.'

"She laughed; an awful laugh it was.

"'May God's curse rest forever upon me,' she cried, 'if I smile into your face again, much more let you touch my fingers. Dare to come near me and I will kill you. Away! Out of my sight, monster! Wretch! If men will not punish you in this world may God do so in the next!' Then she fell on her knees again by her father's side, and my lord went away."

CHAPTER XXX.

AMONG THE WAVES.

NEILLSON'S voice had been gradually growing fainter. Now it ceased altogether, and Lord Alceston began to fear that he would faint.

"Neillson," he said quickly, "I must hear the rest. I knew nothing yet about that night."

"Give me a minute—only a minute," he begged.

Lord Alceston nodded, and waited in silence. Darkness was gradually blotting out the awful view, sinking upon the wild, angry sea, and half obscuring the giant cliffs. The water was all around them, and then a more than ordinary turbulent wave broke over the rock, drenching them with spray. The end could not be far off.

"I must tell you the rest as quickly as I can," Neillson whispered hoarsely, glancing around with a shudder. "They advised my lord to fly, but he preferred to stand his trial and was acquitted. A fair account of the fight was given, and general opinion was in his favor. But Cecile d'Augeville, who was really his wife, shut herself up in a nunnery, and refused to see him. My lord returned to England, took up his commission in the army, and went to the war. On his return he had news, I do not know from where, of his wife's death. Then he married Margaret Montarid, your mother.

"I can take one step from here to the night—of his murder. There was a great reception at Alceston House. The butler sent for me. A note had been left at the door marked immediate. Was it worth while sending it up to his lordship? I took it and glanced at it curiously enough. My God, what a shock it gave me! The handwriting was the handwriting of the dead, or of Cecile d'Augeville. When I had recovered a little I took it upstairs, and after a word or two of preparation I gave it to my lord. He bore it well, but it was an awful shock. He went almost at once to his study, and sent for me.

"When I answered his bell he was leaning forward in his chair with his head buried in his hands. He looked up and the change in his face was awful; but I have no time to talk about that. Shall I go on, Lord Bernard?"

"Ay, go on!" he cried desperately. "You are making death easier. My poor mother! God help her!"

A great wave came dashing over them, and Neillson would have been swept away but that Lord Alceston passed his right arm around him and held him fast.

"The note I saw," he panted out breathless from the shock of the water. "It is in my breast-pocket now. It will perish with me. It is signed Cecile d'Augeville Alceston. It said that this was her revenge for her father's murder, for so she termed his death, had let him marry again, had waited until his son—you—had grown up, and now her time had come. She had come to claim him as her lawful husband—to bring disgrace and social ruin upon him. Lord Bernard, he left his house that night and he went to her lodgings. You remember the case of foreign daggers in his cabinet. On the morrow she was found murdered, with one of these in her heart.

"Neillson, is this true? My God!" moaned Bernard Alceston.

"I feared that something might have happened," Neillson continued. "By daybreak I was on my way to her lodgings. The murder had just been discovered. I saw the body, and I knew the dagger in a moment. For a while I was bewildered how to act, but I did my best. I hurried back to Grosvenor Square. The house was all silent. I went to the library. Oh, it was awful, awful!" he cried wildly.

"Go on, Neillson, go on!"

"I rearranged the daggers. I left everything else in the room as it was—for others to discover. Then I went softly to her ladyship's room. I told her. She was brave, but oh! thank God that I am going to die, that the memory of her agony can haunt me no longer! There was but one course for me to follow, and I did it. I alone knew that my master had left his house on that night when the reception was going on. The whole miserable story was plain to me, but to no one else. It must have been perjury or flight, and we chose the latter, because my flight would divert suspicion. You see now, Lord Bernard, why I was hiding here—why I feared to meet you!"

Lord Alceston grasped his hand firmly.

"You have been a faithful servant, Neillson," he said, in an unsteady tone. "Your reward will come! May God grant it you! Good-by!"

"Good-by, Lord Bernard! Remember——"

A huge green mass of water loomed for a moment in the darkness and then broke over their heads. Lord Alceston would have clung to his companion to the end, but Neillson's last act was a self-denying one. He cast himself loose from the strong arms which encircled him and flung himself down into the water, and his young master, having both hands free, fell down on his face, and clung to the slippery rock. The water dashed over him and receded. Another wave was close at hand, but the moment's respite was valuable. Then, without waiting for the breaking wave, he plunged into the abyss of waters.

* * * * * *

There was a singing in his ears, a dull buzzing in his head, and a dull, dreamy sensation stealing over him, numbing his aching limbs and stopping all pain. He had battled with the waters in vain, and at last, half fainting with exhaustion, he had thrown up his arms and given in. The sea was his master. He had fought hard for life, and he could fight no longer. And this was death—this gradual dwindling away of all sensations; this hazy dreaminess which was stealing fast over him. It was not so very terrible, after all—not half so terrible as the struggle. He felt dashed against some rock, but there was no pain. Probably some bone was broken, but he did not feel it. He was too near death. Did every one die as easily as this? he wondered. No part of him seemed awake save his brain; and even that was dulled. Memory was busy. Scenes of his earliest boyhood came flashing before him one after another, but he found himself contemplating them with all the languid interest of an outsider. Was he in the world? Had he ever belonged to it? Gradually all consciousness of his own identity was fading away from him. He was quite contented—in a vague, impersonal sort of way. He had an idea that he was going to rest, and he was very tired. The sooner the better * * * * Ah, a shock more violent than the others. It was coming now, then. Darkness—black darkness—a moment's sinking, and memory and sensation faded away without a struggle!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POLITENESS.—There is nothing more difficult to attain, or necessary to possess, as perfect good breeding, which is equally inconsistent with a stiff formality, an impertinent forwardness, and awkward backwardness. A little ceremony is sometimes necessary; a certain degree of firmness is absolutely so, and an awkward modesty is extremely unbecoming. In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to take part in them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest, and, consequently, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. There is nothing so little forgiven as a seeming inattention to the person who is speaking to you. We have seen many people, who, while you are speaking to them, instead of looking at and attending to you, fix their eyes upon the ceiling or some other part of the room, look out at the window, lift a book or newspaper, and read it. Nothing discovers a little, futile, frivolous mind more than this, and nothing is so offensively ill-bred. Be assured that the profoundest learning, without good breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry. A man who is not well bred is unfit for good society, and is unwelcome in it. Make, then, good-breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions. Observe carefully the behavior and manner of those who are distinguished by their good breeding. Imitate and endeavor to excel, that you may at least equal them. Observe how it adorns merit, and how often it covers the want of it.

FAILURE.—Perhaps there is no word in our language that conveys so much sinking of the heart and discouragement as the word "failure." Thus it is one of those words which should be used sparingly and with caution and discrimination. It is much too frequently applied to honest, earnest, painstaking endeavor that has only just fallen short of some attempted object. The toiler may have had a high aim, and for him an impossible one; he may have devoted to it all his energies, all his intelligence, all his powers in the most praiseworthy manner; but because he has not quite reached it he is made to feel all the shame and ignominy of defeat and failure. His labors seem to him to have been utterly wasted, his energy and perseverance unavailing; he is overwhelmed with despondency, and, perchance, too much discouraged to try again. There is no real failure here: on the contrary, it is out of such efforts that the best successes are made. No man who has done his best in any direction fails. If the point which he reaches marks correctly the limits of his power, he has attained a signal success, whatever may be the outward results.

LOVE OF COMFORT.—Indulgence in the pleasures of the table, the love of prolonged sleep, the fondness for the easy-chair, and the dislike of exercise soon produce physical inertness. The athlete who would strengthen his muscle and invigorate his frame trains himself to abstain from many physical comforts. Though we may not wish to be athletes, we certainly desire that robustness and elasticity which open the door to so much of life's happiness and value. Who does not envy the powers of the hardy traveler who can tramp for miles without fatigue, who can climb a high mountain and enjoy its prospects, who can ride or row or swim, and perhaps save a life that must have been lost but for his physical vigor? So it is for each of us to discover for himself at what stage the love of comfort prevents the development of bodily energy, and then resolutely to say, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

"You have spurned me!" he cried, bitterly; "I will go into the world. I will fight and win. My name shall be known and my riches envied." "Then," she interrupted, "try me again."

DREAMLAND.

BY E. N. HASE.

I dreamt of the days of long-ago
  Last night, when the shadows lay
Cold and dark on the garden walk
  And the moorland wild and gray;
I stood where the brook went singing on
  Down to the far-off sea,
Where the mill-wheel turns with a measured sound
  Of sweet, weird melody.

Ah me, I awoke to this saddened life
  From that dream of long ago
To miss for ever your presence dear
  In my daily cares below.
Only a nest that is empty now,
  A song in a minor key,
A love that must ever be incomplete
  Till the rest of eternity!

A Girl's Mistake.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENRHYDD," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"JUST ONE more spray of ivy to twist round the knight's head, Martha, and then he will be perfect, I think. There, does it not look jolly?"

Nell jumped down from her elevated position, and looked admiringly round at her handiwork. It was the day before Christmas Eve, and she had been busy all the afternoon decorating the hall with ivy, evergreens, and holly-berries in honor of Christmas Day, and her guardian's—Major Holt—return home. Outside the snow lay like a thick white sheet over the park, and the sky was of a dull leaden-gray color, excepting down in the west, where a few angry red bars of light still lingered; but inside it was warm and cheerful enough. A great log of wood blazing in the carved fireplace cast a warm ruddy light and deep shadows into the corners of the room. The light fell on the stands of roses and camellias blooming luxuriantly in the window recesses; on the tiger and bear skins scattered here and there on the polished oak floor, and gleamed on the bits of armour and rusty old weapons that hung on the walls.

"Shall we put some more berries into that corner? Does it look too dark, Martha?" Nell looked round anxiously. "But no, I am so tired, it must go," and she clasped her hands behind her head and yawned wearily.

As she spoke a door at the farther end of the hall opened, and a lady entered; a tall, graceful woman, looking some years younger than her real age, which might be five-or six-and-thirty. This was Mrs. Snow—Major Holt's cousin—who, since his mother's death five years before, had lived at the Hall and acted as chaperon to Nell. There was a dinner-party at the Rectory that day, and as she came across the hall in her violet velvet dress, with her diamond and opal necklace gleaming on her white neck, and diamonds flashing amid her golden hair, Nell—who, much as she disliked her, had not a shadow of envy or malice in her generous little heart—thought how wonderfully beautiful she looked.

"The carriage has not come round yet?" Mrs. Snow walked to the fire, and held up a slim white foot to the blaze. "I am early, I think. What excuse shall I make for your non-appearance, Nell? I can't say you are not well."

"Say I am indisposed," Nell returned promptly. "That will be quite true; or that I am tired—or, anything you like. You are clever enough at inventing excuses generally, Dora. And the truth is I don't want to go."

"I don't want to go either," Mrs. Snow said plaintively; "but it is a duty; and dear Mrs. Wood made such a point of my being present that I could not refuse. And she is such a dear old thing besides."

"I think she is a horrid old thing," Miss Nell declared irreverently; "dressing herself up as if she were a girl. I always want to take off her paint and powder and millinery and jewelry, and see what the real Mrs. Wood is like underneath."

"I dare say we shall be just as bad when we are her age," Mrs. Snow said philosophically. "It must be terrible to be old and ugly. What are you looking at, Nell, so intently? Is there anything wrong?"

Mrs. Snow looked down anxiously at her dress. Whatever Nell's faults may be—and, in Dora's mind, they were as the grains of sand on the seashore in number—want of taste was not among them.

"No; I was thinking how very handsome you looked," Nell said honestly. "And you are such a swell to-night, Dora! Who is going to the Woode'; any one particular?"

"Not that I know of." Dora drew her ermine cloak more closely round her, and looked criticisingly at Nell's dusty dress. "What a sight you look, child! What on earth have you been doing?" she asked languidly.

"Decorating," Nell answered concisely. "Can't you see? Malcolm and I always used to dress up the hall for Christmas when he was at home."

"Malcolm!" Mrs. Snow raised her eyebrows expressively. "Do you contemplate calling your guardian by his Christian name?"

"I shall call him just what he likes!" Nell cried, an angry flush rising in her clear dark skin. "He has always been Malcolm to me, ever since I was a child."

"Yes, but you are not a child now," Mrs. Snow said significantly. "Ah, here is the carriage at last."

"Wait a moment, Dora!" Nell cried, her short-lived anger dying rapidly away. "I was so busy all the afternoon I forgot to take Gyp and Dandy their apples."

She caught up two rosy-cheeked apples from the table, and, heedless of the snow and Dora's angry remonstrances, darted outside. Gyp and Dandy threw up their glossy heads with a low whinnying sound and looked lovingly at her out of their bright brown eyes, as they gently took the apples from her hand. The coachman looked down admiringly, and the old mastiff roused himself with a sleepy yawn, and dragged himself to the door across the hall.

Every one and everything about the house loved Nell—every one, that is, but Mrs. Snow, who disliked her for her very power of drawing out the love and affection which all Dora's beauty and graciousness were unable to win, and which were so freely poured out on Nell.

"You will get your death of cold, child," she said snappishly. "Do go in and make yourself respectable. If you only knew how blowsy and plain you look with your hair all blowing about! Ready, James!"

The carriage window went up with a bang, and Nell slowly re-entered the house.

"Blowsy and plain!" It was not a flattering description. She walked up to a long mirror that hung between the windows, and looked at herself wistfully. A slim little figure in a dusty velveteen dress, with soft dark eyes, and dark hair curling over her forehead and falling in long tresses behind, tied back with crimson ribbon, met her anxious gaze.

"Martha, do you think I am so plain?" she asked thoughtfully, while Martha paused in her work of clearing away the litter of leaves and berries.

"Bless the child, no!" she answered briskly, with a twinkle in her keen eyes. "You would pass in a crowd, as my mother used to say."

"But what sort of a crowd did she mean?" Nell persisted. "I should like to have known your mother, Martha. I think she must have been a—most amusing person," Nell said, with a little grimace. "I am afraid Dora is right. I do look very plain and blowsy."

"'Handsome is as handsome does,' Miss Nell," Martha answered concisely. "You are good-looking enough for what you are good for! Are you going up-stairs now to dress?"

"No, I am tired. I shall sit down and talk to Caspar awhile," Nell said lazily, settling herself in her favorite place on the rug before the fire, and, resting her hand on the dog's head, looking into the fire with happy dreamy eyes.

To-morrow Malcolm was coming home! Mrs. Snow might make as many disagreeable speeches as she liked; but nothing could alter that blissful fact—Malcolm was coming home—Malcolm, whose only fault in Nell's eyes was his blind belief in his beautiful cousin's perfections.

"I shall leave you in her charge, Nell," he had said five years ago, just before he sailed for India. "She will take care of you. And you will try to get over your prejudice and be happy with her, won't you, dear?"

And Nell had forced back her tears, because Malcolm hated to see women cry, and had promised all he asked; and had in a measure succeeded. By-and-by Mrs. Snow's spiteful little speeches, which at first used to bring the hot color flushing into Nell's face, ceased to annoy; and Dora found out that Nell possessed a power of retort that was dangerous to provoke, and learnt to hide her dislike; for from the bottom of her narrow cold heart Dora disliked Nell; disliked her for her merry winsome ways; for the love she won so easily; above all, for the likeness she bore to the dead face that had caused Philip Grahame to forget his pride of name and race, and so throw away his chances in life for the sake of a second-rate concert-singer. Malcolm Holt, then a boy of twenty, was the only one who stood by his cousin, who visited him in his London home, and declared his wife to be the prettiest woman, the most perfect lady, he had ever met; and it was to Malcolm's care that Philip Grahame, dying a few years later, left his motherless child. So Nell, a little white-faced child with solemn eyes and black dress, came to live at the Hall, to be petted and nursed by Mrs. Holt, and teased and caressed by Malcolm, and to lavish in return a wealth of love on both, that almost made Malcolm tremble sometimes lest after all he should be unworthy of such a pure, devoted love. The years went on quietly and happily till Nell was nearly sixteen, and then the first sorrow came. Mrs. Holt died very suddenly after a short illness, and Malcolm's regiment was ordered to India, so Mrs. Snow—then a young widow, with a somewhat limited income—came to live at the Hall.

"But that was all over now," Nell thought. "Malcolm was coming home."

As she sat by the fire absorbed in her dreams of the future, a carriage drove up the avenue. Nell wondered vaguely that it had returned so soon, and meditated a little lecture to John for driving so quickly when the roads were so heavy. The hall door opening, and a blast of cold air coming in, roused her at last. She rose from her seat and looked round. A tall figure, in a long furred coat, was crossing the hall, with a little cry of delight and surprise, Nell rushed forward.

"Malcolm, is it really you?"

"Darling little Nell"—and two strong arms held her in a tight grasp, and Malcolm's long sweeping mustache brushed her cheek, while Nell clung to him with happy tears in her eyes.

"We did not expect you. We thought you were coming to-morrow," she whispered. "Oh, I am so glad!"

"So am I. Let me look at you, Nell. Don't hide your face so persistently on my shoulder," Malcolm said with a little agitated laugh. He put his hand under her chin and looked steadily into the sweet welcoming face.

"Just the same untidy little Nell," he continued, with a sigh of relief. "Not the fashionable young lady I feared to find. And where is Dora? Are you all alone?

"Dora! She has gone out to dinner. Oh, won't she be savage?" Nell's gay laugh rang through the hall, while Malcolm smiled back in sympathy.

"Savage! Why?" he asked. "Because I have come before my time?"

"Because she was not here to receive you!" Nell cried. Oh, Malcolm, have you forgotten how fond of a scene Dora is, and can't you imagine how she would have welcomed you back to your ancestral halls?"

"I am glad she was not at home then," and Malcolm smiled. "So you have not got over your old prejudice, Nell?" he went on more gravely.

"I never shall"—Nell looked up quickly—"never, till the last day of my life. Don't look so solemn though, Malcolm. We get on pretty well on the whole. Just have a scrap now and then, never a regular fight. And now that you have come home it will be all right. Somehow I feel as if nothing disagreeable could happen again," Nell cried.

"Dear little Nell," Malcolm said, stroking her hair tenderly, "what time do you dine here? I have had nothing to eat all day."

"Oh dear"—Nell looked penitent—"I am so sorry! I never care for dinner when I am alone, and I was going to have tea and something nice; but I will call Martha."

Nell rang the bell and gave the necessary orders to Martha, who beamed with pleasure at Major Holt's kindly greeting; and the two sat in the twilight while the firelight danced on the walls, and talked of all that had happened since Malcolm left—of the days long past, and of the grave in the quiet churchyard.

"Why, there is the dinner-bell!" Nell cried at last. "Can it possibly be six o'clock? I won't be a minute, Malcolm. You must excuse an elaborate toilette to-night."

The despised velveteen turned in at the throat, and finished off with some filmy white lace and a pretty pink blossom, made a very becoming demi-toilette, Malcolm thought, when a few minutes later Nell entered the dining-room. "What had Dora meant by writing that he would be disappointed—that the child had grown up plain?" he wondered. Nell's eyes shone like stars under her cloudy hair and her sweet little face was quivering with delight.

If only Dora, placidly flirting at the Rectory, could see her now.

She sat opposite to Malcolm at the pretty round table, with its profusion of fruit and flowers, and they laughed and talked, and drank the compliments of the season and each other's health in champagne.

"I am so glad that I was at home alone," she said, when dinner was over, and they were sitting before the fire—Malcolm, leaning back in his easy-chair, smoking, Nell in her low seat opposite. "She would have monopolised you all the evening. Oh, yes! You need not lift up your eyebrows like that. You are only a man, you know, after all."

"After all." Malcolm took out his pipe and mimicked her. "What did you give me credit for being? And so Dora always monopolises the men. Is she as pretty as ever?"

"Quite," Nell answered honestly. "Awfully pretty! Everybody falls in love with her. And it is not fair, you know; doesn't give one a proper chance."

"And you, Nell?" Malcolm asked the question rather anxiously. "Who are your admirers?"

"I! Oh, I have several!" Nell answered gaily. "Colonel Dacre, and Mr. Seymour, and Sir Henry Vaughan."

"But the young ones, Nell! They are all middle-aged men that you mention, as old as I am myself," Malcolm said impatiently.

"Yes; I like them best," Nell answered. "I don't care about young men; they are so conceited, and they talk such rubbish to one. There is Charlie Frenche though, I like him, and—Mr. Staunton."

A faint color flickered up into Nell's face, and her eyelids dropped softly over her dark eyes, till Malcolm felt insanely jealous of this Mr. Staunton.

"Staunton! I don't know the name. Who is he, Nell?" he asked.

"He is staying with the Frenches," Nell answered hurriedly. "He was at college with Charlie. He is going out to India soon."

"And you like him. He is a great friend of yours, Nell?" Malcolm said gently.

"I like him—yes. I have only known him a little while," Nell answered demurely. "I don't know that he is an especial friend of mine—not like Colonel Dacre, you know. He and I are great cronies."

"I can quite understand that," Malcolm said, smiling. "You are just the sort of girl a man would like for a friend—honest, and loyal, and true. I can't fancy you doing anything mean or underhand, Nell, like some women."

Nell's cheeks flushed up proudly at these words.

"If I am anything like what you say, Malcolm," she cried, "it is all owing to you. It is because I want to be like you." And once again, as in the old days, Malcolm felt awed and humbled at his own unworthiness and her perfect faith.

"There, is the carriage. Surely Dora cannot be coming yet!" Nell said by-and-by. "Why, it is half-past ten! How quickly the evening passed!"

Dora it was, however, who came in smiling and placid, and stood like a beautiful statue of surprise at the sight of Malcolm, then came forward, with outstretched hands and cousinly embrace.

"Dear Malcolm, what a delightful surprise! Welcome home!" she cried, with a tremor that was not at all affected in her voice; but Malcolm had caught a satirical gleam in Nell's eyes, and returned the embrace more coldly than Dora expected.

"By Jove, Dora, you are as handsome as ever!" he exclaimed, looking admiringly down at his beautiful cousin. "Do you never intend growing any older?"

"Not if I can help it." Dora smiled with gratified vanity. "And what do you think of Nell? Do you find her much altered?"

"Nell is just what I expected." Major Holt looked at her with very kindly eyes. "Two beauties in a family would never do—eh, Nell? And how are all the Rectory people, Dora? Did you have a pleasant evening?"

"Very." Dora sank into a low chair, with her velvet dress falling round in rich graceful folds. "The Frenches were there, and Mr. Staunton. And he was really a very pleasant addition to the party. By-the-way, Nell, Charlie and he are coming over to-morrow to help us to decorate the church."

Was that the reason, Malcolm wondered, why Nell's cheeks flushed so prettily, and why she sat looking meditatively into the fire with such sweet dreamy eyes the rest of the evening?

CHAPTER II.

THE NEXT day they went down to the church, and when Malcolm saw the tall, handsome young fellow who came forward to welcome Nell with such a delighted smile in his dark eyes, he wondered no longer why she had been so flushed and thoughtful the previous evening.

"I am decorating the font. Will you help me, Miss Nell?" Mr. Staunton said anxiously; and Nell, after a moment's hesitation, followed him to the lower end of the church, away from the others, where they were, to all intents and purposes, alone.

Malcolm watched them with wistful eyes. It was only natural, only what he might have expected, and yet—— He could not help sighing a little over certain vague delightful dreams and visions that had gladdened him many a weary hour in his lovely Indian home. As he walked about the church, talking to his friends and receiving welcomes and congratulations on his return home, he could hear Nell's soft voice and laughter, see her color come and go as their hands touched over the holly, or Mr. Staunton's eyes looked into hers. Other eyes besides Malcolm's were watching them jealously. Just at first, before Nell's winsome face and merry ways attracted his fancy and won his heart, Owen Staunton, like most people, had fallen captive to Dora's beauty and grace; and Mrs. Snow, who was not the woman to tolerate a rival, was furious at his defection. To be left, and left for Nell, whom she disliked and despised from the bottom of her heart!

"Look at Nell. Is it not a pity she makes herself so conspicuous?" she whispered to Malcolm, looking down the church towards the font, where the two young people, wrapped up in themselves and their own talk, were quite unconscious of what was going on around. "How she is flirting with that young Staunton!"

Malcolm shrugged his shoulders philosophically.

"Like the rest," he said carelessly. "I don't see she is different from the others. Let the child enjoy herself, Dora, while she is able. And Staunton seems a pleasant young fellow enough. Well, dear," as Nell came up to him, bright and excited, closely followed by Mr. Staunton, "what is it? Are you ready to go?"

"Yes, we have finished. Come and see how pretty it looks," Nell answered, putting her hand lightly on his arm. "You have done nothing all the afternoon," she went on, lifting her laughing eyes to his face.

"I am not the only lazy one," Malcolm laughed. "I have done as much as Dora, at all events."

"Oh, Dora! She is not intended by nature to do anything much," Nell said lightly; "but you are different, and you used to be so fond of decorating."

"When I had you to help me," trembled on Malcolm's lips, but he forced the words back, unwilling to bring a cloud on his darling's face. "I am getting old and lazy, Nell. Yes, the font is really beautiful," he said gently. "You have worked hard."

"And, Malcolm, Mr. Staunton says the ice on the large pond will be quite safe to-morrow," Nell went on eagerly. "You have not forgotten how to skate, I suppose?"

"I hope not"—Major Holt laughed—"though I dare say I shall feel like a fish out of water at first. You are alone this afternoon, Mr. Staunton"—he turned courteously to the young man—"and it is a long walk to the Frenches'; will you dine with us this evening?"

Malcolm smiled a little under his thick mustache at the sudden glow of pleasure that swept over the two young faces, as Mr. Staunton eagerly accepted the invitation. They walked home across the frozen snow, leaving Dora in charge of the Curate, and Nell, with her hand through Malcolm's arm, and Owen Staunton close by her side, was in her gayest and most fantastical mood. She laughed, and made her companions laugh, at Dora's flirtation with the new Curate, and his wife's consequent jealousy; at the Rector's anxiety to get away before his dinner should be spoiled; at a dozen ludicrous incidents, none of which had escaped Miss Nell's keen eyes.

"Why, Nell," Major Holt said, looking down with an amused smile, "when did you find time to notice everything? I thought you were too much taken up with your own affairs to think of any one else." A remark which caused Nell to look suddenly shy and conscious, and to walk along in demure silence, for at least five minutes, by Malcolm's side.

She came down to dinner in a white dress and with a crimson flower in her hair, and Mr. Staunton's eyes grew more and more admiring as the evening went on.

"It has been the happiest Christmas Eve I ever spent," he whispered to Nell, as they stood in the hall listening to the carol singers, with the great Yule log blazing on the fire.

A picturesque group they looked. Major Holt, so tall and soldierly, listening with a thoughtful face to the music that brought back old memories to him; Dora imperial in her velvet dress and diamond necklace; Nell in her white dress, with the bright eyes and wistful smile, carrying round the great wassail-bowl filled with strong spiced wine; the firelight streaming through the open door on the white waste of snow without, and on the faces of the singers as they chanted their carols lustily.

"It has been the pleasantest Christmas Eve," Nell whispered to Malcolm, as they watched Mr. Staunton disappear down the avenue. "How delicious it is to have you home again, dear Malcolm!" and Malcolm smiled, even while he sighed, to think how very small a share his return had in her happiness that night.

"Wait a moment, Dora," Malcolm called Mrs. Snow back when Nell had said good-night, and taken herself off upstairs. "Who is this young Staunton; do you know anything of him?"

"Mr. Staunton? He is a nephew of old Captain Staunton of West Cross," Dora answered, elevating her eyebrows in mild surprise. "Why do you ask, Malcolm?"

"Because," Major Holt said, "his attention to Nell are so very decided, and I shouldn't like the child to marry badly."

"His attentions to Nell! Really, Malcolm!" Mrs. Snow's eyes sparkled angrily. "Surely you are not so foolish as to think he means anything serious? It is a mere flirtation."

"I think it is something more than a flirtation," Major Holt remarked, rather sharply; "and what is more, Nell thinks so too."

"Oh, Nell; she is just as bad as he is," Mrs. Snow answered quickly. "Nell has thrown away several good chances with her silly flirting ways. Colonel Dacre would have proposed long ago, I am sure, if it had not been for that."

"Dacre! Why, he is at least ten years older than I am," Malcolm cried. "Old enough to be Nell's father. And I would much rather she made a happy marriage, than what is called a good match."

"We cannot all follow our inclinations; there is one's duty to think of," Mrs. Snow said softly, "or I should have been chosen very differently; you know that, Malcolm," the blue eyes looked up pathetically. "I was poor, and it was my duty to marry well, and why should not Nell, who is in much the same position, do the same? And I was not unhappy."

"Everybody isn't so lucky as you have been, Dora," Nell's mocking voice broke in. She had entered the room unnoticed, and stood looking from one to the other with disdainful, defiant eyes. "Colonel Dacre is unfortunately a strong healthy man, and would not be likely to die off so complacently as Mr. Snow did. May I ask what plans for my matrimonial happiness you are discussing?"

"We were talking about Mr. Staunton," Dora answered, her soft voice contrasting strangely with Nell's excited tones. "Malcolm, like every one else, has noticed your flirtation—yes, Nell—you may look as indignant as you please, but every one is talking about you."

"About me? Don't be ridiculous, Dora," Nell said; "why should they talk about me, more than about you or any one else? I am sure when he first came you two were always together."

"My dear Nell"—Mrs. Snow looked calmly surprised—"very young men like Mr. Staunton often do prefer the society of women older than themselves, and anything but friendship between us would be absurd."

"So I think." Nell was unnecessarily emphatic.

"But you are different.

"Why should I be different?" Nell cried. "Because a man likes your society does it absolutely follow that he must want to marry you? Oh, it makes me so angry to hear you talk like that! I don't wonder in the least at men laughing and talking about girls in the way they do."

"My dear Nell"—Malcolm put his hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder—"what an excitable little woman you are! We were only saying what every one must see; how much Mr. Staunton admires you. And Dora——"

"Oh, Dora—I know what Dora would say," Nell answered impatiently; "but you, Malcolm—I did think you would know better." There were indignant tears standing in her bright eyes, but Nell dashed them hastily away. "And he never said a word to me. However, he is going away the day after to-morrow, I am glad to say—no, I am not glad, I am sorry," Nell cried passionately—"very sorry."

"Going away? Who told you that, Nell?" Mrs. Snow's placid blue eyes looked troubled for once.

"He told me—with his own lips," Nell answered sarcastically; "when we were in the greenhouse gathering the flowers for Mrs. Frenche. And I can assure you, Dora, notwithstanding the abruptness of the announcement and the romantic situation, I managed to conceal my feelings—neither turned suddenly white nor fainted into his arms, much as I felt inclined."

"Nell, dear, I don't like to hear you speak in that cold, hard voice."

Malcolm put his arm round the girl's trembling figure, and stroked her hair tenderly. "You know I am old-fashioned and behind the times, I dare say, but love and marriage seem to me things too sacred to be laughed and jeered at, as I hear you young people laugh nowadays. It is different now, I suppose, but——"

"Yes, it is different," Nell returned. "There are very few men like you now, Malcolm—so loyal and true and brave. Why, if I lost faith in you, I should lose it in everything," Nell continued in her excited way; "and I am sorry I was so cross just now, only Dora says such disagreeable things."

Malcolm looked down with very tender eyes into her flushed face.

"You silly child," he said. "The best thing you can do is to go to bed, and sleep off your excitement. Do you see what time it is? Half-past one. Come, say good-night and go."

"Come here, then." Nell put her hand through his arm and drew him out of the drawing-room into the dim hall, where the Yule log still feebly smouldered on the hearth. "It has been such a pleasant Christmas Eve; and now Dora has made me feel so disagreeable, and spoilt it all." The girl sighed. "Malcolm dear, wish me a merry Christmas over again."

Major Holt smiled as he took the two little hands gently in his.

"Heaven bless you, my pet, and may you have a very happy Christmas, and a still happier New Year," he said reverently, while Nell, a little comforted, said her sweet good-night and moved away up the broad oak staircase, a slim white figure with thoughtful eyes.

"Next Christmas! I wonder where we shall all be then," she said softly. "Good-night, Malcolm."

She went slowly out of sight, singing as she went snatches of a plaintive little song that came sighing softly through the deserted hall.

"'Years roll on, and pass for ever! What is coming? Who can say?
Ere this closes many may be—far away—far away.'"

Malcolm grew sad and thoughtful too as he listened. Next Christmas! Who could tell what changes the year would bring?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—Lord Chesterfield, who reared his son upon an ethical code of inflexible morality, was upon a certain occasion invited by the Spanish Ambassador to meet their "brother" of France.

After dinner the Spaniard toasted his august master the King of Spain as "The Sun." The French King was toasted as "The Moon." Then Chesterfield was called upon to propose the English Monarch under some astronomical name.

"Your Excellencies," said the airy nobleman, "have exhausted in your reference the two greatest luminaries in the firmament. The smaller constellations which you have left me are far too insignificant to do justice to my Royal Master; therefore you will allow me, as a substitute, to offer you—Joshua!"

"NONE SO BLIND," ETC.—In some soldiers' theatricals in India, a fugitive was supposed to escape from his pursuers by hiding under a table. The table was small, as was the stage itself, while the actor was somewhat lengthy.

The commander of the pursuing party rushed on to the stage, and fell over the legs of the man he was in search of. Picking himself up and rubbing his shins, he brought down the house by exclaiming in true dramatic style—

"Ha, ha! He has eluded us."

A DEEP-SEATED COUGH, cruelly tries the Lungs and wastes the general strength. A prudent resort for the afflicted is to use Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy for all troubled with Asthma, Bronchitis, or any Pulmonary affection.

Scientific and Useful.

FLOWER POTS.—The paper record notes the manufacture of paper flower-pots. Their light weight and non-liability to breakage mark them as peculiarly suitable for transport purposes, while severe tests prove their ability to withstand the "necessary damp."

TRANSPARENCIES. — Burnt-in photographic transparencies are the latest novelty in decorative art for windows, etc. They are of different colors—blue, red, orange, mauve, etc., and the inventors state they soon hope to have at their command in the production of these pictures all the varied tints which the richest palette can offer.

A SURGICAL DIET.—What is known as a surgical diet is worth trying once in a while for the comfort of the stomach and the complexion. It includes milk and bread and butter, broiled beef, old mutton, eggs and prunes. Milk, butter and eggs are regarded as the best animal foods, because less force is expended in their digestion, an important item in medical and surgical work.

THE TELEPHONE.—As the patent for the Bell telephone expired early this year, it is now open to any one to make these instruments. But it must be understood that this only applies to the hand-receiver, patents governing other parts of the apparatus being still in operation. With a couple of simple receivers, however, it is possible to carry on a conversation over a distance of some eight or ten miles without a battery, the only condition being that a metallic circuit exists between the two correspondents.

HEADLIGHTS.—An official connected with the Georgia Southern and Florida Railway writes in favor of electric headlights for locomotives in place of the usual oil lamps, and states that the latter will not discover an obstacle on the rails at a greater distance than one hundred and fifty feet, and that it is next to impossible to pull up a train in that distance. The electric light, on the other hand, will illuminate the track for from one-half to three-quarters of a mile. A good plea for the adoption of the electric light on the railway in question is afforded by the circumstance that cattle, especially in the rainy season, will stray on the line in the hope of finding a dry spot on which to sleep, and that the claims for slaughtered beasts brought against the company are constant and onerous.

Farm and Garden.

APPLES.—In preparing for an apple orchard select a choice plot, one containing clover sod preferred; turn the sod under, and set out the young trees in the spring.

LIME.—The fall is an excellent time to use lime. Plow the land, run the cultivator over it crosswise, and apply from 30 to 50 bushels of lime per acre. It may be left on the surface, no harrowing being required, as it will be carried down by the rains.

TIME AND CARE.—A person cannot expect to do everything and do it as well as the requirements demand. The time was when the farmer boasted of the number of acres he had under cultivation, but now it is more how many bushels he can raise to the acre and of the high state of cultivation of his farm.

POULTRY.—The following from a poultry writer is good advice: Get a barrel of lime and let it air-slack; scatter occasionally about the fowl house and runs. It is a great absorbent of dampness, removes bad odors, keeps off vermin, tends to keep everything sweet and clean, and is very healthful for the fowls.

WEEDS.—Sheep crop weeds and bushes so closely that they soon give up the fight for life. They clean out the fence rows, too, and fit the field for better growths of grass, and for pasture for the more fastidious stock. This they do cheaply, enriching the soil at the same time, and at the same time grow into fleece and mutton.

COST.—The farmer should study how to produce at the lowest cost and how to sell at the best advantage. His mistakes should serve to guide him against repeating them, and where a farmer has had years of experience his knowledge thus gained should be as valuable as the capital. A record of the operations of each year, for reference, would be found invaluable later on.

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What is Love?

This is a question frequently asked, but seldom defined. Cold lexicography tell us that love is "an affection excited by beauty, or whatever is pleasing—the passion between the sexes—friendship;" but we think the older definition, "a passion of the soul," is the more comprehensive as well as poetical; and accepting that, in the fulness of its integrity, we are at once introduced to some suggestions, which, if well entertained, would clear away some mists from our moral perceptions, and enable us to perceive in the full light of reality the fact, too often obscured to our waking vision, that the noblest instinct of our nature is nothing else, when deprived of its extrinsic ornaments, than that devotion to self which is the primary obligation we owe to our organization. Therefore, when we accept love as a passion of the soul, we must do so with the entire conviction that it has its whole power, origin, purpose, and end in that stringent and exact reality by which we recognize our individuality—Self.

We live, labor, love and die for ourselves; and it is obvious that the principle must necessarily rule all our actions, nay, so mingle with our very being, that any denial of its visible presence merely amounts to that small hypocrisy which, however much we may strive to hide from others, we can never wholly conceal from ourselves; or if we do, it is only because we have become habituated by irreverent practices against the truth to a false and morbid state of mind.

The passion of the soul, which is the answer to the question, "What is Love?" must come home to all of us, clothe it as we may in the trappings of lofty thoughts, tender yearnings, and sweet appreciations, as a portion of that great law which enjoins upon us the culture and gratification of self in all its numerous manifestations and infinite variety.

Our lives begin and end in selfishness; and our first duty is to so manage that faculty that it shall prove what it was designed to be—a blessing, and not a curse; for is it not manifest that the more we care for ourselves, the better able we shall be to care for others?—not caring for ourselves in the vulgar sense of indulgence, but in that grand natural one which shall make our obedience to the law of our life a healthy contribution to the necessities which bind man to man, and knit the human family in the common bond of living for one and all.

It is wise, then, occasionally to throw aside the fine cloak we put on the shoulders of our motives and emotions, so that they may be seen in their true shapely forms, and in this matter of love it is only common honesty to do so, for without a clear view of the object before us we shall not be able to receive the candid exposition that as a passion of the soul it is pure unadulterated selfism; not a gross selfishness, but that regard for self which renders it useful, good and holy, both generally and individually.

As we ascend to the age of accumulated experiences and less demonstrative feelings, we find the passion of the soul calmed down to a complacency which would amount to unruffled habitude, were it not periodically stirred up by other demands on the faculties than those which so concentrated the consciousness of youth on one beloved object.

Life at noon, with all its summer joys and blessings, still clings to its radical constitution. Self is as manifest as ever, but more subdued in manner, less obtrusive; its limbs have lost their bounding elasticity, and it has put on the gravity becoming to its sense of responsibility. The brows of the man and woman are lined with worldly thoughts and aptitude; they have gathered to themselves another life, and with its necessarily larger and more solid dwelling, have acquired an authority which does not require to be sustained by the enthusiasm which was as natural to the self of the bygone time, as sunshine to the rainbow of April. The ardent impulses have settled down into a state of equipoise, and thus obtained the due weight essential to the safe conduct of the solemn considerations that press upon the man of business, the father, the directress of the household, the mother; the ties of family have buttressed the individual and domestic edifice, and the pair within it, with their darling surroundings, have grown out of the graces of the loves into the graver proportions which quietly solidify with the gradually deepening sense of responsibility.

We do not think that at any period in the history of Self does it enjoy more happiness than in this, or present a finer point to the cultivated understanding. Instead of dazzling by the intensity of its glare, it is spread out into a broad shield of amplitude, behind which the sweetest as well as most active charities of life find shelter, rest and security.

Conjugal love hallows the sordid pursuits, sanctifies labor, and, by the very necessities of its grasping nature, industriously adds to the stock of human felicity those examples of fortitude, courage, hope and accumulations of all kinds of wealth for future exigencies, which go to strengthen the individual being and enrich the great social compact. The home which Self has then obtained is indeed the palatial pabulum to which the instinct yearned even in idolatrous youth, and which now so generously nourishes the spirit as well as the body.

Love then, it is quite evident, is the properly-governed Self—the power given to us for good or evil—the free will to be so nobly human as to borrow some gleams of heavenly radiance, or so debased as to be utterly wasted and forlorn. And age only comes to confirm this high teaching of the value of Self. It hungers after affection; the grave opens at its feet; but it holds out a strong hand to the instinct that has nurtured it through its chequered career; and the other, that it stretches forth to eternity, cannot be colder for that one loving clasp, given to memories that surge to the top for a brief space, and then settles down for ever on the waters of life. Thus in the three phases of the passion of the soul we have marked out to illustrate our argument, we can readily perceive the working of the religious element which education brings out in the human character. The self of the instinct becomes subject to the self of the soul, and both, married to the immortal music that a hope in the future flings over man's earthly nature, elevate him above the sordid necessities of destiny, and compel the individual Self, by the very force of its intensity, to minister to those high purposes of general salvation which have their roots in the original creation, and their branches in that beautiful but awful vault to which the humanity of every clime and order of intelligence looks with a trembling, uncertain, yet quietly rapturous yearning.

HOWEVER we may be puffed up with vain conceit of new worlds of learning, it is certain we are yet much in the dark; that many of our discoveries are purely imaginary, and that the state of learning is so far from perfection, much more from being the subject of ostentation, that it ought to teach us modestly, and keep us humble.

MEN are more civilized by their pleasures than their occupation. Business dispenses not only with ceremony, but often with common civility; and we should become rude, repulsive and ungracious, did we not recover in our recreations the urbanity which in the bustle of our labors we disregard.

IT is a secret known to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation the first thing you should consider is, whether he has greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.

YOU may rise early, go to bed late, read much and devour the marrow of the best authors; and when you have done all, be as meagre in regard of true and useful knowledge as Pharaoh's lean kine after they had eaten the fat ones.

LOOK most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in bran, when they are many, make great waste.

A MORAL agent is a thing that is capable of those actions that have a moral significance, and which can properly be denominated good or evil in a moral sense, virtuous or vicious, commendable or faulty.

THE feeling of the duly-instructed man towards his Creator is not the abject terror of a slave before his hard master, but like that of a favored child approaching with delight a wise and indulgent father.

HAPPINESS in part is imaginary, and its possession depends almost entirely upon ourselves. Contentment is the key which unlocks the treasure-house; and with "godliness is great gain."

IT is the first duty of parents to instil into the minds of their children the necessity and the dignity of labor. To be useful in any sphere of life should be the ambition of our youth.

HARD are life's early steps; and but that youth is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope, men would behold its threshold and despair.

THE Scotch have a saying—"Who cheats me once, shame befall him; if he cheats me twice, shame befall me."

WHEN once a home is regarded by the young as only a place to eat and sleep in, a downward career is begun.

INDULGE anger through the day if you must, but never take it for a bedfellow.

READ not books alone, but men; and chiefly be careful to read thyself.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

N. R.—Kismet is an Arabic word, and means that which is fated.

DANNY.—Hock takes its name from Hochheim, Germany, where it is made.

R. S.—There is no law to compel a man to return home at any particular hour. He evidently wants looking after by yourself.

B. M. D.—A donjon means the principal tower of a castle, which was usually raised on a natural or artificial mound, and situated in the innermost court. Its lower part was commonly used as a prison. It was sometimes called the donjon-keep, or tower.

G. C.—There are no "photochromatic" colors, as you call them. Photochromatography is the art of taking a photograph of the same color or colors as the objects; but although many attempts have been made to carry out such a process, only very partial success has attended any.

READER.—In Swedish criminal law confession is necessary before a capital sentence can be carried out. If, however, the culprit persists in protesting his innocence in the face of overpowering evidence, the prison discipline is made extremely strict and severe until the desired confession is obtained.

CONFUSION.—The Christian era dates from four years after Christ was born, and consequently up till the fourth year of his birth the years are reckoned B. C.; from that year the reckoning is A. D. till now we are at 1894 A. D. (anno domino, the year of our Lord), although it is really 1898 years since Christ was born.

T. H. R.—Gold foil is of course preferable to all other substances for filling the teeth, for if it be properly pressed and polished, it will remain in the mouth for many years without sensible loss of its substance; but platinum is also much in use. It is less expensive than gold, and its effectiveness has been well established.

VERNON.—Well-made paste is the best thing to use for screens. Have the screen well made in the first instance, and covered with canvas. Over that have black paper with a dull surface and not too smooth. When this much is done, and the screen perfectly dry, the arranging of the pictures is pretty and easy work.

C. H. L.—You must have lived in great seclusion, or else among a singular class of young people, never to have got an idea of what flirting is. To flirt is to play at courting, and to make a person believe that you are in earnest about it when you are not. A "flirt" is one who practices such deceit, and tries to win hearts simply for pastime.

VERITAS.—Daily loose conversation in the workshop and male society is an evil which all wise men deplore. No witty man would indulge in it, because of its stupidity and ease; no good man, because of its profanity and wickedness. For these things—wanton conversation, &c.—are "an abomination even with the heathen," says the apostle—how much more so with the Christian.

J. A. S.—Eggs may be dyed red by boiling them in a decoction of logwood; rose color, by boiling them for about an hour, folded up in scarlet cloth; yellow, turmeric, in water; blue, first boiling them in water containing yellow prussiate of potash, and then dipping into a cold solution of green vitrol; green, a combination of blue and yellow etc. Patterns may be produced by drawing the design with a grease crayon, then using the dye bath.

MINNIE.—Zante currants are a kind of raisins made from small grapes about as large as peas, which grow in the Island of Zante and in other Greek islands. Large numbers of these grapes are raised there, and there is an important trade in the dried fruit. It is stated that in old times these grapes were called corinths because many grew near Corinth. In some old books they are called "currans," and some think that out of this grew the word currant.

E. H.—Bibliomania is a term used to denote a rauge for possessing rare and curious books. It originated in Holland near the close of the seventeenth century, and passed thence into England, and now prevails to some extent. It is not always the contents of the book that makes it valuable in the estimation of the bibliomaniac. The binding, the typography, the original owner of the volume, its age or rarity may be the specialty which gives it its value.

A. V.—"Blue stocking" is a title which originated in England in the time of Dr. Johnson for ladies who cultivated learned conversations at evening assemblies. Gentlemen participated in them, and among them was a Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings, and whose occasional absence caused the remark, "We can do nothing without the blue stockings." The title was subsequently applied to all pedantic or would-be literary ladies.

L. B. N.—Ixion was a mythical Thessalian prince, King of the Lapithæ, and father of Pirithous. When Deioneus, whose daughter he espoused, demanded of him the customary bridal gifts, Ixion invited him to a banquet, and then had him cast into a fiery pit. For his treachery all intercourse with him was suspended, until Jupiter made him his guest. Ixion then made love to Juno, whereupon Jupiter made a phantom resembling her, by which Ixion became the progenitor of the centaurs. For his impiety he was chained by Mercury to a wheel which revolved perpetually in the air.

THE PARTING WORD.

BY E.

No longer does this sceptic heart
Throb at thy lightest tone;
No longer does thine eye impart
A light unto my own.
No faith in aught of earth have I
In love or friendship's name;
Nor can my heart with joy beat high,
No mistress now but Fame!

Though love from me has pass'd and gone,
Though faith has flown away,
I'll raise my hand, my heart, and on
In paths of Fame I'll stray;
And if perchance in after days
I cold and stern may seem,
So that "He loved, ('twill be no praise,)
And found 'twas all a dream."

Trixie.

BY R. M. S.

"TRIXIE, dear, I met Roger Humphreys this afternoon in the village. He wants us to go and dine there to-morrow evening; he has some friends staying," said Mrs. Maynard to her daughter as they sat in the porch one lovely August evening.

"Oh! ah, you are going, mother dearie?" inquired her daughter, while a slight color tinged her cheeks.

"Of course, dear. He is always so kind. It was a short notice, as he remarked, but he said we are such old friends he knew I would not consider it rude. He was in the village seeing after old Martha. What a good heart that man has!"

"Mother, you will make his ears burn to-night; he has certainly a warm admirer in you," said Trixie, smiling; but she lowered her eyes so that their happy expression should not be noticed.

"One can't help but admire a man like Roger Humphreys. I only wish——"

"Don't wish, mother; they say it is the idlest thing to do. Besides, you should never speak your wish aloud." Trixie spoke in a jesting manner, to cover the real feeling she had, not to hear her mother express what she knew to be her desire. It was a little play, and both knew it was so; the mother was used to being fenced with when she was talking of Roger Humphreys. In her own heart Trixie acknowledged he was worthy of all praise, but she would not own it even to her mother. She had learnt he was true and good, but it had been a lesson learnt hardly and through pain.

"You must wear your pretty pink, Trixie, and there are some lovely roses just out that will look well with it," said her mother, changing the conversation, seeing, as usual, that some matters are not advanced by talking of them; and she was nearly saying more than she intended.

"You are an extravagant little mother! Well, perhaps, as he has visitors, I will give them a treat and wear my best frock. I am just going round to see that the new puppy is properly shut up for the night," said Trixie, getting up from the low basket chair; in passing her mother bent to kiss her; then went slowly down the path, while her mother followed her movements with eyes that saw with a mother's fond heart.

Trixie Maynard was a very pretty girl, with a sunny face and a bright, loving nature. Her eyes, of a deep tinted blue, looked out at you from behind long shading lashes, whilst dimples played hide-and-seek round a very dainty mouth. Until two years ago her life had been cloudless sunshine, and she had been as a gay-colored butterfly flitting about life's garden, enjoying the flowers whilst the thorns were hidden.

Her father had been in the army, but on his death her mother had retired with her child, then only eight, to the little Devonshire cottage in which they still lived—an ivy-covered cottage, with roses and clematis growing in luxuriance over its porch. It was an ideal spot. The hum of the busy world seemed as though it would never make itself heard in such an abode of peace. It was an old-fashioned garden, where flowers were allowed to grow in Nature's bountiful luxury: tall white lilies reared their heads in innocent pride, filling the air with their heaven-laden scent.

Both mother and daughter loved their garden; they could often be seen working busily, looking after the flowers with tender care. In such a place these two women were utterly out of the big world of society, but naturally they had the usual sprinkling of county society, which, though small, gave them periodical mild entertainment and amusement.

Their greatest friend was Roger Humphreys, of Treden Hall, a bachelor of about thirty-five, and therefore a mark for all the arrows of the gay Dianas and their mammas; but he had been proof so long that they unanimously decided he was not a marrying man.

Roger Humphreys had his own idea on the subject. He had seen Trixie grow up and develop into a lovely girl, and gradually he discovered that he wanted more than her friendship, but he feared she had never looked upon him with other eyes than those of a dear friend.

Mrs. Maynard guessed his secret and would have been content to confide her child to a man she knew so well. She was often afraid that Trixie might unknowingly pass by such an honest heart for a more striking and dazzling love, which would bear the stamp of novelty. For no doubt, to Trixie at twenty, Roger Humphreys' thirty odd years made him appear almost old.

He knew she only regarded him as a friend, and he meant to wait and teach her otherwise. But love sometimes grows impatient; he saw the flower which he longed to wear, and his hand stretched out eagerly to pluck it.

One day he unwisely spoke his longing. Trixie was overcome with surprise. She was as one of her own garden lilies and could not fathom this wonderful love, which quite changed her old friend. She told him she did not care for him in the way he wanted; perhaps, she said, it might come, but in the meanwhile they would be friends.

Roger had to be content, and so he remained her staunch friend as of old; and though he forbore ever by any gentle reminder to annoy her with his love, yet it was there just the same, and he hoped with a strong hope. Yet it was not quite the same friendship for the girl. His words had awakened her from the light, careless sleep of youth and brought into life many thoughts and dreams which had not been before. Shyly she told her mother.

Mrs. Maynard questioned her without trying to put any ideas of love, nor did she urge the excellent advantages of such a good marriage; and much as she longed for the union, she in no way tried to force what might be a mistake in life. Mrs. Maynard was one of those women on whom the world had made but little effect. She had her own opinions: they might be called old-fashioned ones, but she clung to them; and she did not believe in her child merely making a match. Mrs. Maynard had taught Trixie to live through life with an honest regard for what is noblest. They both, perhaps, were inclined to idealize.

Better that than sink to the lower level, which seems to see in the world only land and water and human beings—people wandering about aimlessly, without any idea of whither they are tending. She knew that Trixie must learn it all for herself, but she hoped these lessons would bear fruit in later days, when thorns must come among the flowers.

And so Mrs. Maynard left things as they were, content to know that Trixie had no thought for any of the young men she knew, but as yet was happier alone with her mother and her garden. This all happened two years ago; since then Trixie had tasted of other pleasures, and learnt the bitter-sweet of life's teaching which made the girl become a woman.

Mrs. Maxwell, an aunt on her father's side, suddenly announced her intention of paying them a visit. She arrived in the autumn. A lively, fashionable woman, who looked about twenty-five, at least to Trixie, comparing her with her mother, but then Trixie had not been initiated in the uses of art versus age and nature. In reality she was about forty-five, or more, as her friends kindly added with a little "ahem!" which means so much more sometimes than even the truth. She brought a new element. It was as if a wind had rushed in that peaceful garden, and whirling round caught up everything that lay in its progress, and then as suddenly would disappear and all would be the same except for a few marks here and there. She fascinated Trixie, and for the time made her feel that the little Devonshire village was simply a forgotten spot in the world. It gave her a longing to taste of the life of pleasure her aunt depicted.

Mrs. Maxwell invited her to come in the early spring and stay for some of the season in town.

Mrs. Maynard did not quite approve of her sister-in-law. Still, it was an opportunity for the girl to see a little, and even while dreading to let her go without the safe company of her mother, she accepted, and Trixie was to go and try her wings alone. Of course Mrs. Maxwell had not been long in Fernhurst before she discovered that her niece might be mistress of Treden Hall. It gave the girl more importance in her eyes.

Mrs. Maxwell, having married a man considerably older than herself for no other motive than of being comfortably settled, could not understand any young woman refusing an eligible offer simply because she did not feel she could give the man the love he wanted. Mrs. Maxwell told her sister-in-law that it was really Trixie's duty to accept Treden Hall and its owner. She put the possessions first as of being the most importance; Mrs. Maynard put them last.

Mrs. Maxwell shrugged her shoulders and thought that life in a simple village had a deteriorating effect; she began to long for London gas and electric light. Mrs. Maxwell was not a bad woman, only utterly of the world and thoroughly permeated with its maxims, and she failed to understand any other existence. Still, the glimpse she had of the life of this mother and daughter brought back thoughts of old forgotten days when she too had dreamed of better things; but she had never been strong to fight the current, and so in the rush of the world those ideals had been lowered and she had drifted on the restless sea of society, losing sight of any real haven in the satisfying of ambitions.

Those memories were uncomfortable; so she gladly shook them off. She wanted to see Trixie more worldly, and she knew a little of London society would do it most effectually, and there probably she would learn that a place like Treden Hall was not to be despised. She fancied, perhaps, the easy-going morals and manners of the usual run of society men and women would possibly astonish her old-fashioned ideas.

Mrs. Maynard saw her daughter go, and she felt that her child would not return quite the same. The mother's heart dreaded a newer love, and she longed more than ever that her daughter should learn to know Roger Humphreys as she knew him to be.

Trixie made her debut under her aunt's chaperonage. The London to which she was introduced was a different London to that of her old girlish days, when it meant visiting the interests of bygone times. This was a world of pleasure, and Trixie sometimes felt as though her life in that quiet cottage and garden was all a dream. A pretty girl under the care of a woman who loves life has splendid opportunities. Trixie thoroughly enjoyed herself.

She did not half understand the people and often experienced a kind of mental shock, but she remained untouched and all her aunt's teaching fell on unheeding ears. She met many men, and at last one came who seemed to realize all her girlish pure ideal. Trixie felt the world more beautiful.

Mark Ferrers was a man well calculated to win the love of a simple-minded girl, who, judging others from her own straight honest standpoint, thought them the same and did not know of hidden depths. Wickedness and misery were more abstracts to her than vivid realities, but gradually she was being awakened.

Mrs. Maxwell, noticing that Ferrers seemed attracted by her niece, gave her a kindly warning, laughing at his love of flirtation and that he never meant anything seriously. Still, she thought that probably the girl would have to find it out for herself, as most girls did, and then perhaps she would find Roger Humphreys more desirable.

In her infatuation, which she dignified with the title of love, Trixie saw in the fair-haired man a hero and her aunt's remarks appeared utter libels. Mark Ferrers was certainly no hero—only a selfish man of the world who at first was fascinated by the girl's beauty; but insensibly her simple dignity of innocence affected him more powerfully than he cared to own, till he almost hesitated and thought that such a wife could be a man's angel.

The hesitation was only for a moment, for Trixie's beauty was her only fortune, and Mark Ferrers intended to marry money, and would not allow his heart to interfere with his admirable programme. He had already forged the golden chain that should bind him, and there was but a link more to rivet it entirely, but he could not forego the pleasure of Trixie's company, shutting out all thought of her girlish life being spoilt. She never detected the false ring in his sentiments; she believed him all he professed and offered him the sweet incense of her admiration.

Her mother remarked the changing tone of her letters and suspected that the man whose name so often occurred occupied a large share of her daughter's thoughts. She could only hope he was worthy of them.

Roger Humphreys visited her now and again, but he felt somehow his presence was not wanted and that he was better away. He returned to wait till she should be back in her own Devonshire home. He was dreading to hear that some other than he should win her, but his love was generous and he desired her happiness even at the cost of his own. Strangely, during his visits he had not come across Ferrers, so knew nothing of their flirtation.

Roger was acquainted with Ferrers and would have said he was not a man to make any girl happy, least of all Trixie, whose character was too high souled to be mated with one who would crush it utterly. So Roger came back unconscious that any one was usurping the place he longed to occupy.

Trixie lived in a fool's paradise for many happy weeks, but the inevitable awakening came and her idol fell. It was no tragedy—only a man preferring wealth to the pure love he could have taken into his life, and he knew what he was doing. Cowardly, he had reckoned on keeping both, but Trixie was not sufficiently of his world to understand the drift of such dishonesty.

No false lessons had spoilt the whiteness of her soul. When the truth had been revealed to her by others she demanded its denial from him, but he could not give it, but strove to make it half a truth by pleading excuses. But she was proud and resented the insult of his deception. She said little, made no reproaches, but calmly showed him that no longer was she the simple girl he had thought her. As he left her he regretted what he had lost, as her strength and courage had increased his respect and admiration, and selfishly he cursed his bad luck and forgot his own coward's heart which was his undoing. His vanity made him imagine that probably she would waver and he should return as her lover;-but he erred, for Trixie never made any sign of a desire to alter her determination.

Mrs. Maynard never quite learnt the truth, but she guessed something had happened, for her child returned a woman and her light-hearted gaiety was often forced. Her mother trusted to time's gentle healing to chase away the shadows that had come across the sunshine. Trixie felt as though the whole fabric of her life was upset and that never again should she care to rebuild it. But gradually, as the year went by and a new summer dawned, the old life reasserted itself and Trixie began to find the same interests as before. Together, she and her mother wandered about their little garden, and Trixie told her she was happier in that spot far away from the restless spirit of the world. Poor girl, she had had such a shock that she imagined the world was only fair away from the busy throngs; she forgot that it would be fair and bright everywhere, were it not for the malice which others use to mar its beauty.

And her mother pointed out to her that truth and faith could be found even amidst uncongenial surroundings every bit as much as in secluded spots. For the world is ourselves and what we are, so we each make our world and carry it with us.

Roger Humphreys came more often, and the girl felt a revivifying influence in his tender care and unassuming affection. She was rather annoyed with herself when she began to find how much her thoughts were occupied with him. Now and again it struck her that the qualities with which she had endowed Mark Ferrers had been the qualities which she had unconsciously admired in the man she had once refused.

Some such thoughts were in her mind as she stood dressed for the dinner at Treden Hall. She half wished she were not going, for an unaccountable shyness often took possession of her in Roger's presence; she dreaded his discovering how much she thought about him. The truth had suddenly come to her that his dark face was growing very dear to her and was completely driving out all other memories, and she felt she was weak in admitting a new love so soon—in fact she felt as though she must possess a very fickle nature. Trixie was a conundrum to herself just then.

"Well, mother, do you approve?" said Trixie, standing before her in a soft pink silk, relieved with fresh-gathered roses as her ornaments.

"Yes, darling, it looks very nice, that pink is so pretty," said Mrs. Maynard, looking with a mother's admiring eyes at her child, and to-night she was a picture of dainty youth.

"I wonder who is there?" speculated

Trixie, as she and her mother were driving along in the fly, the only one the village boasted.

"I don't know, dear; he didn't say, except that his sister was to come yesterday; no doubt the party from Whit Court. They always have a lot of visitors."

"Well, all I hope is that some one entertaining will take me in. It is so hard to get on with some men. They seem to think it is the woman's duty to provide amusement during dinner, whilst they just remark 'yes' or 'no,' and are contented, believing they have done their duty," and Trixie gave a comical smile at her mother. "And, mother, we deserve two nice young men, for you look so sweet, dear, and I am sure I am worthy of attention."

"Conceited little person!" said her mother gaily, happy in her heart to see her girl so bright. It seemed a good omen for Roger.

When they were announced they found all the guests arrived, and in the half-light it was difficult at first to recognize faces. Their host came forward with a welcoming smile, and Trixie felt at ease as her small hand was taken in his strong protecting grasp.

"Now, Trixie, I must introduce the man who is to take you in to dinner. I will fetch him." Roger went across the room and returned followed by a man whose tall figure she seemed to know too well.

"Mr. Ferrers, Miss Maynard!" said Roger, and in the twilight did not notice the flush that rose to Trixie's cheeks, nor its succeeding pallor as she bowed to the man she had hoped never to meet again. She saw that Ferrers was in doubt of her greeting.

"I have met Mr. Ferrers before," was all she vouchsafed in a slightly haughty tone. She gave him her hand, thinking it might look odd if she refused it. Roger remarked her voice and wondered at its unusual tones, but he had to go and take up his duties as host, so had to relinquish his place by her side.

"Miss Maynard, I did not know till this evening that I was to have the pleasure of seeing you again," said Mark Ferrers, hesitating slightly on the word "pleasure" as he looked at the proud young face, her eyes returning his gaze with a cold, hard expression, making him think how soft he knew they could look.

"No, I don't suppose you even remembered that I ever lived in this part of the world. Are you staying here?" inquired Trixie, hoping he was not visiting Roger, as then avoidance would be so difficult.

"Not in this house; I am at Whit Court," he answered, giving her his arm to follow the others into the dining-room. As they came out under the lamp-light he remarked she was even prettier than the girl he remembered two years ago.

"Have you not forgiven me yet?" said Ferrers in a low tone.

"I had nothing to forgive, Mr. Ferrers; you were perfectly free to do as you like. And, if you please, I would rather not discuss the subject; it is not interesting." No woman of greater experience could have snubbed him more effectually than did this girl who spoke the truth, and was not feigning indifference as he thought.

"I heard of your marriage; I trust you are—satisfied." She was going to say happy; but she was so indignant with him for dragging in the past that she substituted a word more descriptive of his bargaining.

"I am as happy as most people to whom fate is unkind," he said in a hard tone, yet sighing slightly, trying to draw the girl's sympathies. A vain man, he could not imagine she had forgotten him. Besides, she was Miss Maynard still; that seemed conclusive of fidelity.

"People make their own fate very often, Mr. Ferrers, and I think you are not very just to your wife. I am sorry for her." The last words she uttered in a low contemptuous tone, and looking away past his hard, handsome face, she saw the kind cheery one of her host, and she wondered at her blindness. At that moment, by a kind of attractive sympathy, Roger met her glance, and her smile sent hope coursing with strength through his veins.

Ferrers saw that she was no longer the child he had often considered her, but a woman with very strong ideas of what was right and would stand no tampering with her code of honor.

To Trixie the dinner seemed endless. It was an effort to talk to this man, to keep their conversation on the thin ice of trivialities, for he tried to turn it in a personal channel, which she resented. At last she was freed, and she gave a sigh of relief as she took a low chair in the drawing-room near her mother. She was feeling irritated and upset with the meeting and the conversation, and yet there was a certain satisfaction; for now she thoroughly realized the awful mistake she might have made in being dazzled with mere dross, whilst the true, pure gold was passed by unheeded.

When the men came in Trixie was afraid that Ferrers would make for her corner. She saw him move as if to cross, but his host unconsciously prevented him by going to her himself.

"Well, Trixie, do you know I think you were a little bored at dinner,-eh? I was hoping, as your partner was a previous acquaintance, he would have been entertaining," said Roger, looking down at her and thinking how pretty she was, though he fancied she looked paler than usual.

"Oh, no indeed, Mr. Humphreys, it was all right, I assure you. Did I look bored? I am very sorry—that is bad manners, isn't it? But I am not a good talker, and Mr. Ferrers and I have nothing in common," said Trixie, blushing slightly as she looked up and met her friend's earnest eyes bent on her face.

"Why Mr. Humphreys? You used to call me Roger in the old days," he said in a low tone, pretending to take her fan. It was apparently all he had noticed in her halting speech.

"Then I was only a child; I hardly like now," said she shyly, not daring to look up again.

"Now I suppose you are an old woman, eh, Trixie, or I am very forbidding? Which? Anyhow, I prefer Roger, so don't forget. I see they want me. That is the hard work of a host. He may not enjoy himself in his own way for long," he said gently, in a tone which left no doubt as to where he found his pleasure."

Driving home, Trixie was unusually quiet. As a rule the guests and their manners formed a little gossip with which she amused her mother. To-night she was preoccupied.

"Tired, dear? or were your efforts at conversation more than trying?" said her mother lightly, as they were once more at home.

"No, mother dear, I am not very tired, I was only thinking," she answered; "and thoughts are very mixed company sometimes."

"Was that the Mr. Ferrers you met in town?" said her mother quietly, noting the fact that his presence seemed to have wrought a change in the girl's bright manner.

"Yes, mother, that's Mr. Ferrers," she said, and she hoped her mother would not question her more.

"I thought—I gathered from your letters, you and he were great friends, dear, but you seemed to treat him coldly," said her mother, wanting to know the truth and yet hesitating to intrude with mere curiosity.

"Mother, darling, I ought to have told you. We were friends, and then he——" The girl spoke in a hard voice, but failed to finish her sentence. She could not say in bald language he had grown tired of her.

"Dearest, I can guess. Never mind, Trixie, you need not tell me. A man like that is not worth a moment's thought of sorrow." And gentle Mrs. Maynard spoke firmly, indignant that any man could bring a shadow on her child's face. She looked anxiously at her daughter. "Trixie, you are not thinking of him?"

"Yes, mother, I was, and pitying his poor wife; but now those thoughts will be buried with the past, which I had begun to forget till the memory faced me tonight. But don't worry your little head, mother dear. I am cured. No sentimental regrets linger for one so utterly worthless. Why are men so weak, mother? I used to think they were strong in every sense of the word," said Trixie, smiling slightly, as she put her arm round her mother.

"That was only a child's ideal, Trixie; they are, after all, not more than human beings. But, dear, don't let bitterness take place in your thoughts. Faith and truth are realities, and are to be found unfortunately not always in the most brilliant setting. Still I am glad, dear, that you have told me. I was often afraid there had been some one, and that perhaps a memory might spoil your happiness."

"No, mother dear, no memory will trouble me. It might have done had I not been shown so clearly how utterly false he was. It was hard at the time, but it was a safe remedy for dispelling a dream. Perhaps the past has helped me." That was all she said, but it satisfied her mother, who felt that Roger's chance was hopeful.

The next afternoon Trixie was in the garden, busily tying up carnations. She was stooping over them and so intent on her work that she was hardly conscious of footsteps behind her, except she thought in a vague way it might be the gardener, and she wanted him.

"Oh, Smith, get me a little more bast," she said, without looking round.

"Certainly, miss," said a voice, decidedly not in the gardener's Devonshire accent.

"How you startled me. I thought it was Smith," said Trixie, turning a rather flushed face to Roger Humphreys.

"Can I help you? I am a capital gardener," and he laughed as he tried to take her hand from the carnation.

"Well, that is not the way. You must excuse me shaking hands at present. If you want to help, hold that while I tie it—or perhaps you would prefer the more exciting task of weeding a little further away," said Trixie saucily, just giving a glance at him, but she dropped her eyes as quickly, not caring to meet the tender look in his.

"No, thank you; weeding is unprofitable. I prefer this; it is more sociable; so tie away," said Roger, holding the flowers carefully while she bound them round. "How pretty carnations are," remarked Roger, not looking at the flowers but at her face, noting how her delicate color came and went under the shade of her garden hat.

"Yes, they give a great show of color," said Trixie. "But nothing can compare to roses in my mind."

"No, I suppose they are the queen of flowers. Their beauty is fascinating, but in gathering them one is apt to forget their thorns," said Roger with a comical smile of pain.

"Still their scent and loveliness reward you for all their thorns. No pleasure is quite perfect," said Trixie, finishing the process of tying up.

"What a very philosophical little woman. You mean to say we generally value what is hard to get. I think you are right, Trixie," said Roger quietly, wondering to himself if he dared try again and pluck this rose for himself. He had essayed once, but only reached the thorns. Now he almost thought the flower was growing nearer within reach.

A silence fell on them. Trixie busied herself in picking up her basket and filling it with the odd bits lying about. Roger stood and looked on in idleness. Then they both walked down the path to the summer-house. The hum of the bees and insects in the warm sunshine was the only sound around them.

"Trixie, my sister wants you to come and have tea with her to-day—will you?" he said, breaking the silence.

"I am afraid I cannot to-day. I will come to-morrow if I may."

"Very well, come any day. She will be glad to see you; she is alone now, so mind you come."

"All right, I will."

"How prettily you and your mother keep this garden; I am so fond of it," said Roger, looking round and then thinking how like one of her own flowers was the girl beside him.

"Mother is so clever and has such taste; she has taught Smith a lot and then she works quite hard herself, Mr. Hum—Roger," said Trixie, shyly dragging out his name.

"How difficult it is for you to say my name now; couldn't you try, Trixie. It is such an easy one—could you? Ah, Trixie, my darling, I want you to call me Roger in the old way, but with a new meaning—can you?" and Roger bent his head, eagerly watching her face.

"I don't know what you mean," said Trixie in a very low tone, hardly knowing what she said. She was leaning against the wood-work of the summer-house and the scent of the honeysuckle stole on them.

"Yes, Trix, you do, dear. Don't you remember I spoke two years ago? Haven't I waited long enough? Have I spoken too soon again? Trix, Trix, don't play with me; tell me you do care a little. Look up, dear," and he gently took her face between his hands, but with a certain masterful touch that somehow gave Trix a happy feeling. She looked shyly at him; her eyes must have revealed what she could not say, for such a look of happiness stole over his face that Trixie dropped her eyes again.

"Trix, darling, do you mean it? and you really care for this old Roger," he said tenderly putting his arm round her.

"Yes, Roger, I love you, and, oh—Roger, I am so sorry for two years ago," said Trix almost inaudibly, but it satisfied him, for he bent his head still lower till their lips met.

As they wandered in the garden, glad in their new-found happiness, Trixie told him of her one trouble, and he listening felt that it was well the man was out of reach.

"Darling, you have no regrets?" said Roger, anxiously looking into her pure eyes.

"None, Roger; yes, one for having given you pain," said Trixie sweetly, but he stopped her with a kiss, for all the pain had vanished at her touch. "But it has taught me what perhaps I should never have known, and I might have gone on blindly and missed my true happiness." And Trixie looked up at his strong face, at his grey eyes which could be both tender and hard, and she read the strength of the one in whose hands she was placing her life.

"We will not miss any more happiness, please God," said Roger, grateful in his heart that so much was given him. "I have gathered the rose I wanted, Trix, but I had to strive for it in spite of thorns, and now I shall wear it all my life," said Roger, holding her hand firmly in his. He looked up at the blue sky above. It was not brighter than the sunshine in his heart, for they were together. Hand in hand they went the way of life, meeting flowers and brambles in turn, but love was in their hearts and accompanied them on their journey.

Emily Barnard.

BY J. E. P.

THERE are finer sympathies in our natures, there are true and powerful sensibilities hidden under the cold and careless exteriors of every-day life, like the slumbrous volcanic fires beneath the crust of the crater, which, unseen, unfelt though they be, must and do break forth in gushes of generous emotion, beneath favorable and unusual influences; and thank Heaven that it is so! They are guarantees for our humanity; they show that something of the godlike still animates us—that our hearts are not wholly steeled and corroded by contact with an evil world.

Thoughts like these could not but rush through my brain as I sat expectantly in the "best room" of the old, familiar farm-house, wither I had just been ushered by a domestic, by whom my impatient, nervous stroke upon the old-fashioned knocker was answered. The moment while I thus continued alone was filled with the reflections of years—of a lifetime; they went dizzying through my mind, like the swift and startling phenomena of the kaleidoscope. They were thoughts of the boy, who, years ago, dwelt beneath the roof of this very farm-house; of his boyish restlessness—of his wild ambition—of his farewell to his old home, and journey to a distant city—of his struggles, his toils, and his final triumphant success; of the man, who had now returned, for the first time, to this dear haunt and home,

Scene of his youth, when every charm could please,

bearing a name, a fortune, honors, and applause, and (for I wished not to deny it, even to myself,) a heart.

The strifes and contentions of business, the whirlwind round of city pleasures and follies, the enviable notoriety of my name, all faded like a brief illusion from my memory, and I became, as it were, once more a child, in the midst of my childhood's scenes. Dear, loved spots and faces—how my heart yearned to them again! Twelve years seemed to have left the place unchanged; its home-aspect was the same; the hills, the fields, and woods around it were all there; and even the quaint, antique pictures upon the walls, and the ornaments on the mantelpiece, towards which my childish eyes had wonderingly turned—not one was changed. My heart throbbed quick and loud for a moment, and I could have wept out my excess of feeling. Yes, I, Ralph Elmore, could have done so, whom the world chose to call proud, and cold, and heartless; and my eyes were dimmed, for the first time for years.

But this was not all; deeper and stronger than any of these was the remembrance of the little black-eyed beauty, Emily Barnard, my playfellow and constant companion in childhood, and whose girlish tears at my departure, twelve years before, had not been forgotten. Strange that trifles such as these should linger so long; but I found the thought of Emily Barnard uppermost in my mind, and I knew my heart beat still quicker as I heard a light step in the passage, and the entrance of the subject of my thoughts scattered them in an instant.

It was Emily—I could not be mistaken;

for though she was taller than of old, and had the maturity of a woman, both in face and form, and a beauty which her girlhood had hardly promised, yet there was still that soft, bright beaming of the eye, and those tell-tale traces of a lurking smile in her features, which would have betrayed her to me among a thousand.

I rose, as she paused, hesitatingly, and took both her hands, pronouncing, at the same time, her name.

"Emily—Emily Barnard!"

"That is my name," was her puzzled reply.

"And you don't know me, Emily?" I asked.

Something of my old, familiar look must have forced its way through the hardened and bearded face of manhood, for a pleasant smile of recognition shone out like a sunbeam from her countenance, and she joyously pronounced my name. And I—with the impulse of that pleasurable moment—kissed her; but as bashfully and bunglingly, I think, as did ever a boy of thirteen.

For an hour we sat there together, and talked of the past. I was happy, and I should have been, for it was an hour to which I had long and anxiously looked forward. Peace and repose had long been the craving of my heart; at last they were found. As we continued to converse with the familiarity of old friends, I fancied ourselves the Ralph and Emily of past years. I told her of all the longings which had struggled, pent up in my breast for years; aspirations for the beautiful and good, which always centred in her; of the fame I had won; the success which had greeted me, since our parting; and of the one thing wanting to secure for ever to me the happiness to which all else seemed trifling—the love of one true, womanly heart.

I strove to interpret love from her downcast eyes, her quick breathings, and her blushes; for though I knew that she admired and respected me, these did not answer my prayers. But I received no answer then; the door suddenly opened, and admitted a person, whose face seemed not altogether unfamiliar to me, and who now stood awkwardly upon the threshold, as if conscious of an intrusion. He was a handsome youth of twenty-two or three; and Emily, rising in embarrassment, presented him as Mr. Walter Layard.

The name was as familiar as the face; it was that of a boy acquaintance, much younger than myself, but whom I remembered as a schoolmate. Yet I could not greet him cordially, although I saw a gleam of pleasure in his eyes as he heard my name; I had noted the changing color which his coming called to the cheek of my companion, and I became at once cold and repellant towards him. It could not escape my notice that he immediately took the seat by the side of Emily which I had vacated, or that his bearing towards her was easy and familiar. My air castles seemed to totter to their destruction as I narrowly and jealously watched them; and when I could endure the sight no longer, I turned to the window, grieved and heart-sick, and—shall I say it?—stung with jealousy!

* * * * * *

Several weeks had now elapsed since my return to the farm-house, and the relative positions of Walter Layard and myself had been defined. We were rivals from the outset, stern and uncompromising; and our mien towards each other was hostile and defiant.

But I conquered—as I knew I must, from the beginning. Walter Layard was the boy—I, the man; and contact with the world had given me the experience which he lacked. Yet this was hardly the reason for my success. It was my stronger nature that gained the victory; and Emily at last yielded her consent to be my wife, because, as I know now, she could not withstand the impulsive coercion which I brought to bear upon her.

And yet—strange inconsistency!—I hardly dared ask myself whether she really loved me. Nay, let me speak frankly; I feared to ask it! There were years between Emily and myself; her heart was fresh and unsullied—mine was cankered and careworn; love for her was the sole and only green spot about it. The truth could not be concealed, much as I might wrestle against it; there could not be the same generous sympathy of feeling between Emily and myself, as between her and Walter, had I not stood between them.

She never owned this to me; but it could be read in her changing manner, in her cheeks, where the roses bloomed less brightly than before my coming, and in the dreary, faded brightness of her eyes. Her laugh, too, was far less musical, and less frequent; she was changed, sadly changed. Yet I had won her, and I could not help glorying in the thought. She was to be mine—mine for life.

And Walter Layard—he, too, had wondrously altered since he knew of the prospective relations between Emily and myself. His cheeks grew thin and hollow, his eyes dull and sunken, and his voice tremulous and faint; grief, sorrow beyond description, was gnawing like a canker at his heart. He moved about the house from day to day, pale, emaciated, and restless; though the vivid, angry blood often burned in his cheek when he met me. He and Emily, too, seemed to avoid each other's society, as though it would add to each a painful and tantalizing bitterness, not to be endured.

The truth was as plain to my eyes as a printed page—Walter Layard was slowly wasting away; dying of a broken heart! The door of death seemed unclosing to him. He took to his bed, and (shall I confess it?) my fervent prayer was, that he might never rise from it!

Day by day did the doomed youth grow weaker and more attenuated. Emily ministered by his beside unceasingly. I cared not to forbid her, for I could well afford to grant him this consolation. Words, ordinary forms of address, rarely passed between them; but often, how often, have I seen his eager eyes follow her about the room, influenced, as it seemed to me, by a magnetism in her presence; and then, as his emotion grew uncontrollable, he would bury his wan face in his pillow, and weep bitter tears of grief! He had nothing to live for; death would come as a grateful relief to him; yet I well knew the remedy which would quickly restore him to life and strength. It lay within my power; but I would not, I could not apply it.

He died, at last, and my heart beat more placidly. For myself, I might have loved him; for Emily I could not but hate him, and I was not hypocritical enough to grieve over him. We followed him to the grave; Emily, with tears and sobs which she tried not to restrain; I, as cold and passionless as the marble which they raised above his dust. In each case the feeling was genuine and unfeigned.

And at last the wish of my heart was fulfilled, for Emily Barnard now became my wife. The stormy turbulence of my life was at an end; domestic peace and retirement, and therefore happiness, for which I had yearned, was attained; and my life passed quietly on towards its goal, cheered and blessed by the love, as I thought, of my wife. Nay, I was not unreasonable enough to entertain a doubt of her love; she was mine now, lawfully mine, and her interests must all have been centred in me. Children, also, were born to us, to strengthen the bonds of heart union between us; and as they grew up to manhood and womanhood around us, thoughts like these to which I have here given shape, grew foreign to me, and at length almost ceased to annoy me.

And, still later, I stood by the deathbed of Emily, my wife, and received her last breath. They left me, awhile, to mourn over her, as she lay dead before me; almost as beautiful as upon the day when my heart bounded to greet her, on my return to the old farm-house. And then, in an evil moment, some demon whispered in my ear the hateful, startling query—"Did she ever love you?"

The same evil genius must have guided my hand to a gold chain which I had often observed around Emily's neck, though I had always studiously refrained from questioning her concerning it. I withdrew it from her bosom, and discovered a locket attached to it. My fingers nervously pressed the spring; and there, transcribed with all the painter's cunning, the face of Walter Layard, himself triumphant, even in dissolution, glowered upon me from the cold ivory!

* * * * * *

My question was fully answered; she had never loved me! The tell-tale miniature had betrayed the secret, zealously concealed while she lived; it had lain next her heart since the day of Walter's death; and though true and faithful to her vows, in heart and spirit she had been as faithful to him.

The wane of my eventful life has been thus burdened with a secret too heavy to be borne; for I am old now, and weak in soul, and my own grave will soon be made. The grandchildren of Emily surround me, recalling powerfully, with their bright, sunny faces, the image of the loved and lost; they sportively climb my knee, and, in childish sympathy, wipe from my furrowed cheeks the tears which they unconsciously force from my dimming eyes. And constantly—now that I know that it never was, as it never can be, mine—my spirit silently yearns and sorrows for the love of Emily.

The pictured face of Walter Layard smiles, as if animate, from the miniature upon yonder mantel; a strange infatuation compels me daily to gaze upon it. Fatal revelation! It has made my nights sleepless, and haunted my waking hours with disquietude! Without it, I might have been happy; with it, alone, have I gained a perfect knowledge of the heart of Emily Barnard.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Speaker of the English House of Commons will be called upon to perform an odd little ceremony in the course of the autumn. Every twenty years the then Speaker must open the coffin in the wall at the side of the central staircase in the Palace of Westminster, and officially examine the standards of the British yard measure and pound weight, which are kept there for safety. The reason of the ceremony is to guard against the standard weights and measures being tampered with.

In different parts of the irrigated world there is an astounding difference in the efficiency of water, and, as might be expected, the United States furnishes examples of extreme waste and economy. Taking the flow of one cubic foot per second without making allowance for differing rainfalls and different lengths of growing seasons, this supplies in Colorado from 50 to 80 acres; Italy, 70; Utah and France, 80 to 100; India, 150 to 400; Spain, as high as 1000; California, 80 to 1600, and by sub-irrigation (pipes), from 1500 to 9000

There is danger of the extinction of the elephant in South Africa. Nearly 3000 hunters leave Tete and Zumbo annually to shoot elephants in the territory north of Zambesi. These men kill all the elephants they see, young and old. The African race of elephants can be saved only by a decision of the Powers with possessions in the Dark Continent forbidding the exportation of elephant tusks from beasts under 10 years of age. The natives, one paper says, would soon learn of this decision and cease killing young elephants.

A house on Bend street, Baltimore, has, for some little time, been believed by its occupants to be bewitched. They say that, at unexpected moments, bright flashes and jets of fire burst from different parts of the house. A few nights ago one of the boarders attempted to turn on the water in an iron wash basin, when she received a severe shock, and a big streak of blue blaze shot out into the room. Soon all the pipes in the building were charged with electricity, and sparks darted from them, all over the house. Plumbers were sent for, and the water turned off, but the sparks still continued. It is a curious fact that the sparks are apparent in the morning and evening, but never in the afternoon. Two lines of electric cars run by the house, and, besides two heavily charged trolley wires for each of these lines, there are a large number of electric light and motor wires in the vicinity. It has not been determined whether these come in contact with the pipes or not.

Under a recent date, an English paper says: To-day the award of the famous flitch of bacon will take place at the little village of Dunmow in Essex. Three couples from Dublin, Leominster and a Warwickshire village will appear before a jury of six maidens and six bachelors. Dunmow had its origin in the priory founded there by Juga Baynard in 1104. The manor was held by a curious tenure, said to have been made by Robert Fitz-Walter in 1244, to the effect "that whatever couple will go to the priory, and, kneeling on two sharp-pointed stones, will swear that they have not quarrelled nor repented of their marriage within a year and a day after its celebration, shall receive a flitch of bacon." The flitch was claimed and awarded in 1445, 1467, 1510, 1701 and 1751. In 1856 Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist, and some friends, revived the custom, and superintended the ceremonials. The present Lord of the Manor is the Earl of Warwick. A similar custom used to prevail in the manor of Wichnor, Staffordshire.

The childish ditty beginning "Little drops of water" is very forcibly in the mind of a Boston printer. He occupies rooms just over a dealer in fancy goods, on a side street that runs from Tremont, off the Common. About two weeks ago one of the devils employed by the printer was taken with a fit while he was washing at the sink, and fell in a heap on the floor. The result was that the plush department of the down-stairs merchant was deluged, the glove boxes, photograph albums, etc., being badly warped. A storm followed, which was cleared away by the payment of nominal damages. Last week the proprietor of the printing office himself was in the office one evening, and, being thirsty, went to the faucet. But the water had been shut off, and, no stream following the opening of the stopcock, he forgot to close it, and went home. The water was turned on before morning, and then came a repetition of the former experience. It was no use for the type-man to point to the fact that the second flood had warped the plush goods back to their original shape. The printer was moving when last heard from.

By a recent order of the Czar a search has been instituted in the subterranean halls of the golden-domed Kremlin at Moscow for hidden treasures. Ivan the Terrible, of sanguinary memory, besides his appetite for gore, had a taste for Greek and Roman manuscripts; and it is supposed that many treasures of antique lore and art may lie buried in some underground cavern of the palace where he spent so much of his life. It would be curious if some sublime strophes of the violet crowned Sappho, or some of the lost dialogues of the honey-tongued Aristotle, as Cicero calls him, should have been rescued from oblivion by the collector's mania of the Terrible Czar of Moscow.

On the Railway.—Those who suffer from headache and feel the fatigue of a railway journey should take with them two leather or silk-covered cushions—one for the small of the back, another on which to rest the neck and head. An eminent doctor once stated that this was a capital antidote to the evils arising from the jolting of the train, liable to cause slight congestion of the head in very long journeys. He furthermore advised no reading in the train to those subject to headaches.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

MY JACK.

BY S. M. C.

TRUE stories always had a delight for me that made-up ones seldom or never possessed; and thinking that perhaps some other folk may agree with me in this, I am going to tell you about a monkey, using as far as possible the very words of the story teller. Such being the case, they will be easier to repeat with a plentiful sprinkling of the little letter I—a letter only too much inclined to thurst itself into society all through life; and apologising for what cannot here be well avoided, you shall be told without more ado what there is to tell about Jack.

My father is a great traveler, and dislikes severe winters so much that the only question is in what warm quarter of the world they shall be spent. Sometimes the cold season has been passed in Egypt, sometimes in Africa, and last winter he decided to spend it in India, taking his wife and me for company.

I had never been to India, and felt much pleasure at the idea of going, though the long absence from home meant a giving up of my beloved aquaria, to say nothing of other things, and leaving my garden to the tender mercies of other hands than mine. But all seemed trifles compared with the prospect of that unknown land, where strange flowers and beasts in endless variety—so I thought—were certain to delight the heart of nature-lovers.

Father smiled at my rose-colored visions, and my mother shook her head sagely, for both knew better what was before us. The former hoped for plenty of sport, the latter was the very life and soul of the camp, arranging, ordering; so they were independent of other occupations, such as books, sketching, or flower collecting; while I, alas! was to find my bright hopes fade one by one, without tiger-shooting or camp management to supply their place.

Father guessed how it might be when novelty were off, and on our way up-country he allowed me to accept the offer of a pretty wee monkey, who from the first recognized me as his mistress, and answered to the name of Jack. Jack was a little brown fellow, such as the organ-grinders carry about in London, only here, in his native land, he was able to dispense with flannel coat and cap, and felt, no doubt, more comfortable in the clothes Nature gave him. My companion was comical and very affectionate, but, alas! he had a temper that more than once brought him into dire disgrace.

Black people were his abhorrence, and if noticed by them, he would spit and chatter in a language as like swearing as anything could be out of English. Our chief amusement, and a never-failing source of pleasure to Jack, was to give him a sugar-plum wrapped in about a dozen bits of paper, which he unfolded with a face full of interest, knowing that something good would reward his patience. One day my mother proposed we should wrap up a scrap of earth instead of the goody, expecting some fun from the little creature's disgust when he found he had been tricked.

But Jack altogether turned the tables on us, and made us feel ashamed of ourselves. Such was his loving faith in his mistress, he was sure that anything she gave him must be good, even if he did not think so, and on finding the earth pill, he promptly swallowed it with apparent relish. To reward him and punish myself, I at once gave Jack one of my nicest jujutes, which he put into his cheek pockets to enjoy at leisure.

When the monkey first came to us he began the day with a saucer of milk; a draught that much pleased, though, curiously enough, it always disagreed with him soon after. Finding this, we tried the experiment of adding water, thinking milk alone might be too rich, and the result made us shake with laughter. Jack tasted, pulled a face like a naughty child, and then overturned the saucer with a gesture of supreme contempt, saying in his own tongue—

"How dare you give me milk and water? I'll have nothing to do with such poor stuff!"

Far away in the jungle there were no flowers springing from the sun-baked soil, no singing birds to delight the ear, and for three months I never saw a white face, except those of my own belongings. In these circumstances Jack was a daily companion, and we used to go for long walks together, the monkey sitting on my hip, while he clung with one hand to my tie in front, the other clutching my collar behind. Sometimes I put him down to run by my side, holding carefully the end of the chain which which in camp tethered him to a tent-peg; for father always declared he would run away if he got the chance or met his own people. Father was, however, wrong, as events proved.

There was a certain nullah—that is, a deep ravine—where monkeys swarmed: some gray, with very long tails and black faces, some brown and smaller in size than the others, evidently near relations of my Jack. To this nullah it was my amusement to wander, and sitting down, I tied my friend's chain up short before setting him free to follow his fancy; for he was so affectionate that in spite of prophecy I felt pretty sure he would never desert me for long.

The wild monkeys gazed at us with exceeding interest. They pointed, they jabbered, they swung wildly from branch to branch to get nearer, better views of such an extraordinary thing as a brother in close friendship with a human being! As to Jack, his face puckered itself a variety of expressions, and his bright eyes glanced up at me as he lingered by my side, uncertain how to use his freedom.

"Go, Jack," said I; "say 'How-dye-do?' to your friends."

Walking gingerly on his hind legs, and holding up the end of his chain, very much as a lady does her dress when too long, the monkey obeyed, looking back from time to time, as though to inquire whether I wished him to go on. He wanted repeated encouragement, for his untamed brethren were evidently loading him with abuse, and presently a big black-visaged one pulled a hideous grimace.

This was too much to bear. My companion turned with a scream of fright, bounded back into my arms, and flung his own round my neck, burying his face on my breast.

After much soothing and petting, we went home, only the experiment was too comic not to be repeated more than once, for I wondered if in time the savages would grow polite or kind to their civilized brother. On one occasion a gray monkey boxed Jack's ears when he ventured too near, and on another my companion took a sudden fancy to a little fellow just his own size. This made him quite anxious next day to visit the spot where he had parted the small brown savage, and he towed me towards it in a very funny fashion, but, rather to my relief, did not attempt to climb the tree for exchange of greetings.

Jack looked upon it as a matter of course that we should take him when we went out for the day, but occasionally, when a long expedition was in prospect, the monkey was left behind, and then he bewailed himself like a spoilt child. A certain evening we were nearing home on our elephants, after many hours of unsuccessful beating for wild beasts in the jungle, when suddenly something caught my eye that struck me as rather out of the common, making my heart beat, first from curiosity, then from vague fear. A line of men was steadily advancing towards the tent, brandishing sticks now and then, while they made all manner of noises, being excited about something.

"Depend upon it, Jack's got into mischief," said my mother, laughing; and father laughed too, though he said nothing.

The suggestion filled me with anxiety, and hurrying forwards, I soon caught sight of a tiny brown object on the ground, a few feet in front of the men.

"Jack, Jack!" called I at the top of my voice, whereupon the brown object stopped short, turned, galloped up to me, flew into my arms, and clung to me, while he trembled and chattered with all his might for nearly ten minutes.

When the poor beast had been comforted, explanation was given in somewhat broken fashion by many mouths, and my only regret was that our pet had not gone with us, because the pleasure of our company would have more than made up for his dislike of gun-shots.

It seems that Jack, in grief at seeing us depart without him, ran round his tent-peg till he wound himself into such a knot with the chain that the wee thing was nearly strangled. Fortunately, he was found just in time to be saved by the servant in whose charge he had been left, and she, in mistaken kindness, let him loose.

Liberty meant, of course, in Jack's opinion, to join his friends as soon as possible, and since they were out of sight, he swarmed up the nearest tree to find out in what direction we had gone. Thinking Jack might escape, the natives tried for hours to dislodge him, and when at last the hunted animal descended, having, no doubt, caught sight of our returning party, they nearly drove him out of his wits in their efforts to restore him safely to our tent.

Not long after the last adventure we turned our steps homeward, and when we once more reached a civilized part of the country, "good-bye" had to be said to the companion of so many happy hours. The parting was a sorrowful one on both sides, as such things generally are, for Jack, with tearful eyes and many a backward look, was led away in one direction, while I, with a lump in my throat, walked off in another.

THE DUKE AND THE WORKMAN.

On a certain occasion the late Lord Derby had some workmen in one of his mansions for the purpose of painting and decorating the house. The floor of the central hall was in course of being painted, and a tall and powerfully built young man was at work on one of the walls, when Lord Derby came in, and giving orders that a number of slippers were to be placed on the door-mat, requested the young man to see that anyone coming in should put on a pair of the slippers before crossing the passage; and added—

"If anyone refuses to do it, you must take him by the shoulder and turn him out."

A short time after this a hunting party passed by, and the Duke of Wellington, with his boots dreadfully splashed with mud, opened the door and hurried along the hall. Seeing this, the young man immediately jumped off the ladder on which he was painting, and seizing the intruder by the shoulder, pushed him out of the house. The painter did not know the Duke, and had no idea as to the identity of the person he had so unceremoniously assisted out of the house.

Shortly afterwards Lord Derby came to hear of the affair, and summoned all the household and the men at work into his study, and demanded to know who had treated the Duke of Wellington in such an impertinent manner.

Imagining that he would be immediately dismissed, the painter come forward, and in a trembling voice said—

"It was I, my lord."

"And pray how came you to do such a thing?" inquired Lord Derby.

"By your orders, my lord," replied the painter, much to the amazement of all present.

Hearing this, the Duke at once turned round to Lord Derby, and smiling, drew a sovereign out of his purse, and handing it to the astonished painter, said—

"You were quite right to obey orders."

RONALD'S GUINEA-PIG.—"If you could speak, my little guinea-pig, I wonder what you would say?" said Ronald.

As the guinea-pig could not speak, he could not tell Ronald what he wanted to know. But Ronald's elder sister, who stood by, said—

"Shall I tell you the story the guinea-pig would tell if he could only speak to you?"

"Oh yes, do," said Ronald.

And Mary spoke as follows:

"I do not remember much of my father and mother, for as soon as I could run about and take my food easily, I heard my master say to his wife, 'The little guinea-pigs are old enough to be sold.' I asked my mother what this meant.

"'Alas!' said she, 'it means that in a few days you and your brother will be taken away from here, and I shall never see you again!'

"This made me feel very sad, for I was very happy in my home; but in a few days a man did come, and he gave my master some money, and he put me and my brother and several cousins into a basket, and carried us away.

"It was very dark in the basket, and we knocked against each other; and at last we reached the man's house. He put us into a large box with wires in front for the night, and gave us some supper. The next day he moved us into very small boxes with wires in front, and put the boxes outside the door.

"All day people came to look at us; and at last a gentleman bought me for his little boy."

"That was papa; and I am the little boy," said Ronald. "Go on, Mary."

"And the gentleman carried me to his home, and gave me a large hutch to live in, and I have plenty of food, and a kind little master."

Ronald clapped his hands.

"Yes, little guinea-pig," he said, "I will take good care of you; and you must love me, and be as happy as you can."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The Cunard line of steamers employs 10,000 men.

Among birds the swan attains the greatest age.

About 95,000 Americans visit Europe every year.

France's oyster industry is the largest of its kind in Europe.

A chestnut tree 2000 years old stands at the foot of Mt. Etna.

Dolls have been the playthings of children of all nationalities.

The British have $500,000,000 invested in United States railways.

The Krupps have produced a gun that can fire clear over Mont Blanc.

Diamonds, so small that 1500 go to the carat, have been cut in Holland.

The longest artificial water-course in the world is the Bengal Canal—900 miles.

Diamonds are twenty times more numerous than they were thirty years ago.

France and Italy raise 33,000,000 bushels of chestnuts for home use and export.

The Sanitary Inspector of Indianapolis says there is no orange in orange cider.

In appearance an uncut diamond somewhat resembles a piece of fine gum arabic.

In proportion to its size the horse has a smaller stomach than any other quadruped.

There is said to be no civilized race that is not addicted to some form of stimulant.

Egyptians use the same primitive kind of plough that their ancestors worked with 5000 years ago.

The beef extract factories in South America make one pound of extract from 24 pounds of meat.

Hollanders are perhaps the greatest tea and coffee drinkers, using 240 ounces to the individual every year.

Some of the fish in the royal aquarium in St. Petersburg have been on exhibition for more than 150 years.

Sapless cedar blocks are used in paving Detroit streets. The blocks come from regions devastated by forest fires.

Refuse hops, hitherto thrown away in breweries, are now converted into a good article of paper by a foreign chemist.

The making of lucifer matches is a State monopoly in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Roumania and Servia.

The onion was almost an object of worship with the Egyptians 3000 years before the Christian era. It first came from India.

A woman well known in English society for her lovely neck and arms polishes them, so it is said, for half an hour each night with chamois leather.

Zoologists claim that the strength of the lion in the fore-limbs is only 60 per cent. of that of the tiger, and the strength of the hind-limbs 65 per cent.

The proposition to make United States Senators elective by the people is making considerable progress, 14 State Conventions having passed resolutions endorsing it.

There is every reason to believe that in large dairies the milking of cows by machinery will soon become as common as the cutting of corn and grass in large farms.

Posters took their name from the fact that in former times the footways of London streets were separated from the drives by a line of posts, on which advertisements were displayed.

The Italians have established a water-power electric plant at Tivoli, and will transmit 2000 horse-power 18 miles across the Campagna to Rome. The streets of Rome will then be lighted by electricity.

At Worth's famous dressmaking establishment in Paris, the weekly average of work turned out is 200 gowns and 150 cloaks. Usually a week is required to make a dress, but it can be accomplished in a day.

What is believed to be the oldest piece of metal money ever made is carefully treasured in this city. It was minted at Ægina about 700 B. C. The design is in high relief, representing a tortoise crawling along the face of the coin.

Artificial flowers were invented by pious nuns. In the Italian convents the altars and shrines were, up to the end of the eighteenth century, decorated with artificial flowers, laboriously put together, and made of paper and parchments.

The Matabele have a singular marriage custom. The husband does not buy his wife, who therefore remains the property of her father, and when [illegible] marriage, their own father has to buy them from their mother's father.

Rattlesnake oil is believed to be a remedy for rheumatism. In Connecticut there are several persons who make a living as rattlesnake hunters. Armed with a long pole, which has a keen knife at the end, they bring it down on the reptile and dexterously decapitate it.

PERFECTION.

BY W. W. LORD.

Fair as a stately lily,
Sweet as a violet;
Bright as a summer morning,
With naught of life's regret.
Pure as a delicate snow-drop,
Unstained by earthly mold;
Rare in her delicate beauty,
As saintly nun of old.

Hair of softest brown,
Rippling o'er her brow;
Eyes of tender gray,
Filled with love's fond glow.
Red lips made for kisses,
A lovely cupid's bow;
Perfect, matchless woman,
I watch her come and go.

ABOUT THE HONEY-BEE.

Our bee culturists, who like the Athenians of old, are ever on the watch for something new; are reported to be endeavoring to alter the character of the "little busy bee" by applying to it the principle of artificial selection, in order to make it a useful servant, devoid of sting, yet capable of producing a much larger store of honey than heretofore.

Whether the bees of South Africa are peculiarly savage or hypersensitive, we do not know; but many instances of horses stung to death are recorded from that part of the world. They certainly seem to be very easily offended, for we have been told of an instance in which a mischievous little naked Kaffir boy chewed a carrot and spat it out at the door of a hive; whereupon the bees immediately attacked him, and would inevitably have killed him, had not the gardener thrown him into a trench he was digging and covered him up quickly with earth; and it may be here remarked that fresh mould is one of the best known remedies for the stings of bees or wasps.

It is acknowledged that stingless bees are not much good as honey-gatherers, and Lumholtz, the Swedish naturalist, says of the honey produced by the stingless bees of Australia, that it causes diarrhœa, and is sour and soon fermented because the bees have no poison to preserve it.

In these days of cheap sugar we can hardly appreciate the extreme importance of honey and the honey-bee to the ancients. The land flowing with milk and honey loses half its significance to those who look upon honey as a dainty desired chiefly by children; and notwithstanding the great revival of bee-keeping of late, it is extremely doubtful whether the public taste will ever return to its ancient delight in that which has become a luxury instead of a necessity.

Much of the honey which in Switzerland is an invariable accompaniment to the breakfast of bread, butter and coffee, is said to be spurious; yet with the rows of beehives everywhere, and the abundance of mountain flowers, one would suppose the manufacture of artificial honey to be quite unnecessary; but in the pre-sugar era, the making of false honey was an art recorded by Herodotus with praise. It was the confectioners of Callatebus, on the Mœander, who thus secured fame to themselves by manufacturing honey from tamarisks and wheat.

The ingredients now employed by artificial-honey makers are not made public, but honey supposed to be gathered by bees from certain flowers exclusively, is largely advertised as remedial for various diseases. Thus, eucalyptus honey is much used in America as a cure for consumption, so is that made from horehound, but probably in both cases the medicinal properties are added by human manipulators.

Tennyson writes of the "honey of poison-flowers;" but we never heard of any one having been poisoned by honey, although that made from the euphorbia in South Africa is hot and disagreeable to the taste, and probably unwholesome; and the honey made in India from the flowers of the rhododendron is said to be poisonous; so that we may infer that the qualities of the flowers rifled are to a certain extent imparted to the honey, which undoubtedly varies considerably in flavor. The honey of Mount Hymettus, so famous of old, is still most delicious, and so is the heather-honey of Scotland.

A nest of wild-bees is still a lucky find among natives, and travelers do not disdain to share the feast with them, whilst the stings of the despoiled owners do not trouble them, for they know that a little smoke will stupefy the bees and make them harmless. The Hindus feed their new-born babes with honey and ghee for luck; and the custom which once prevailed everywhere, of telling the hive-bees whenever a death occurred in the family of the owner, and of tying a piece of crape to the hive to put them in mourning, lest they should forsake those who had not treated them with proper respect, has not yet died out among our peasantry, and carries us back to the time when bees were among the most valuable possessions of the agriculturist, a fact still preserved in the proverb, "A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay." At that time, no one knew anything about Ligurian queens or the fertilization of red clover; and had any one proposed to modify the proboscis of the bee or to breed a race of stingless bees, he would have been laughed at as a madman.

"What is sweeter than honey?" said the expounders of Samson's riddle, in answer to which modern chemists have put forth saccharine; but the intense sweetness of this chemical extract will never supersede sugar and honey, for the flavor is not agreeable to the palate of men; and even wasps and bees, fond as they are of sweet things, reject saccharine with disdainful fury, and will buzz angrily about anything sweetened therewith without touching it, as though they felt themselves defrauded of their lawful perquisities, and were wroth with those who would try to deceive them.

APPLYING A SURE TEST.—"Mr. Dinguss," said the young man, twirling his hat nervously, "I have called to ask you for your daughter Phœbe. I am not rich, but I have good business prospects and——"

"Young man," interrupted the parent, eyeing him keenly, "before we discuss this matter further will you oblige me with a loan of $5?"

"I will not, sir," replied the youth firmly.

"Then take her, my boy," said Mr. Dinguss. "You've got more sense than I thought you had."

Grains of Gold.

We are never so strong as when we are thankful.

When the heart speaks the whole man will say amen.

Great dangers surround the man whose life is aimless.

In proportion as people love they become unselfish.

Keep the heart right and the feet will not go far astray.

Belief is the rudder by which the ship of life is directed.

The fact that we oppose the good is proof that we are bad.

It is possible to become bad under the best of circumstances.

There is nothing more cowardly than being afraid of the truth.

Many of the things we consider calamities are blessings in disguise.

Three precious things that many throw away: Time, money and health.

People who can be spoiled by honest praise, are no account to begin with.

We grow to be what we like. If we love the pure we are sure to grow in purity.

How easy it is to blame some people for doing things we scarcely notice in others.

There is no blacker kind of selfishness than that which wears the cloak of hypocrisy.

The devil never stays awake to watch the man who is trying to be religious because he believes it will pay him.

Femininities.

A woman over 80 years old has been arrested in New York on the charge of having set fire to her store.

The wife of an English clergyman has been sentenced to 21 days' imprisonment for being a professional beggar.

Buss, to kiss; rebus, to kiss again; blunderbuss, two girls kissing each other; omnibus, to kiss all the girls in the room.

"Well, Anna, have you found the rose for my hair yet?"

"Yes, madam; but now I cannot find the hair."

Lily: "Mrs. Candour intimated the other night that your hair was not your own." Daisy: "'Tis false!" Lily: "That's what she said."

Mrs. Woodruff, of Little Valley, N. Y., and Mrs. Howland, of Napoli, N. Y., are two regularly ordained Congregational ministers.

The Khedive of Egypt, like the Chinese Emperor, takes more stock in his mother's advice than in that of any of his counsellors.

He, floundering in the water: Quick, quick; give me your hand!

She, coming up the last time: Oh, this is so, so sudden.

Adeline: What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Madge, after a glance at them: Get a pair about four sizes smaller.

A woman about to sign a deed, the lawyer asked her whether her husband compelled her to sign. "He compel me!" said the lady; "no, nor twenty like him!"

"That young woman didn't even say 'thank you' for giving her my seat. I suppose she thought I was not worth noticing."

"That's it exactly. She is a bride."

A court in Toledo, Ohio, has appointed three women to act as appraisers of a decedent's estate, probably the first time women have been thus officially recognized.

William Cullen Bryant's mother, it is said, kept a diary for 53 years without missing a day. This is the entry for November 3, 1794: Storming, wind N. E.; seven in the evening, son born.

Women freely travel about in Corea until midnight, a writer on the Coreans says, while the men are required to be in the house at 8 P. M. Only the married men are permitted to wear hats.

In Holland women and persons of either sex under the age of 16 are now forbidden to begin work earlier than 5 A. M., or to continue at work after 7 P. M., nor can their work exceed 11 hours a day in all.

Whistling for half an hour after meals is, says Mrs. Alice Shaw, of whistling fame, the best possible aid to digestion. Try it, weak-chested, slender-throated sisters, and profit by my experience, she adds.

The most valuable of all furs is that of the sea otter, for a single skin of which animal $100 has been paid. This seems an extremely large sum to pay for a skin not more than two yards long by three-quarters of a yard wide.

A woman at Sewallville, Me., a few days ago, when getting her ironing board ready to iron a sheet, noticed a long wrinkle in it, and on trying to smooth it out found that it was caused by a two-foot snake that had crawled in while the sheet was on the line.

Mrs. Spleeney: They say it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. What would you doctors do were it not for sickness?

Dr. Bolus: Ah, there you make a great mistake, Mrs. Spleeney! It is the people who think themselves ill who enrich the doctors.

Temperance women of Norway asked the public authorities a short time ago to make it unlawful for women or girls to serve in public-houses. The request has been granted, and at present an ale-house keeper cannot employ any other woman than his own wife.

The daily wages of a factory girl in Hiogo is nine sen, whereas in Tokio it is 13 sen; and 10,000 pounds of coal, costing from 22 to 23 yen in the latter city, can be had in the former for from 18 to 19 yen. The sen is equal to an American cent, and the yen equivalent to a dollar.

Mrs. Mary E. Harris, of Roxbury, Mass., has for 20 years had a hobby for the collection of buttons, and during this time she has gathered 12,000 different kinds. One of the buttons was worn by a soldier in Napoleon's army; another by a soldier in Washington's army, and there are buttons from the uniforms of half a dozen European armies, as well as from those of the South American Republics.

Korean women are not handsome, and to the eye of the Westerner would even appear hideous and ungainly. On the other hand, the men and boys are often handsome and picturesque. The Koreans resemble the Chinese much more than they do the Japanese. Unlike the Japanese, they keep their wearing apparel exquisitely clean; they are constantly washing their entire wardrobes, though they are not so scrupulous about the cleanliness of their persons.

Masculinities.

Salt dissolved in alcohol will remove grease spots.

Scotland has fifteen divorces to every 1,000,000 in population.

When it comes to excuses every man may be said to be an inventor.

The only real courage is that which comes from knowing we are right.

Of the 7250 seamen in the United States Navy, over one-half are of foreign birth.

A man's manners are a mirror, in which he shows his likeness to the intelligent observer.

A gentleman must kiss every lady he is introduced to in Paraguay. It is the custom of the country.

A certain scientist claims to have succeeded in tracing all man's diseases to the fact that he wears clothes.

All Chinamen start the journey of life on equal footing. Rank is conferred by the Emperor, never inherited.

The man who would pay his debts if he could doesn't get along nearly as well as the man who could pay his debts if he would.

In Sitka, when an Indian wife has lost her husband by death, she goes into mourning by painting the upper part of her face a deep black.

A small mouth, according to a celebrated professor of physiognomy, shows great indecision of character and not a little cowardice.

A local cynic remarks: A wealthy young bachelor never knows how well off he is until he hears the experiences of his married friends.

It is said there are no servants in the Tolstoi household. The Count cuts his own firewood, while the Countess prepares their simple meals.

The latest statistics prove that more than two-thirds of the grown male population of the globe use tobacco in some one of the many forms in which it is taken.

Becker: I see by the posters that Footlights, the tragedian, travels under his wife's management.

Decker: So do most men, but they don't advertise it.

To oblige a friend W. P. Orten, of Pine Bluff, Ark., took oath that a young woman, whom the former wished to marry, was 19 years old, when, as a matter of fact, she was but 15. As a reward, he is now on trial for perjury.

Friend: You still employ Dr. Hardhead, I see.

Mrs. De Style: He's just lovely! My husband and I both like him. When we are ailing, he always recommends old port for my husband and Newport for me.

He, tenderly: Do you believe in love at first sight?

She, meaningly: I certainly believe that the more one sees of certain persons the less one likes them!

And he changed his mind about proposing to her.

An enterprising young woman of Foreman, N. D., was nominated for a public position recently, her only opponent being a young man of her acquaintance. Finding that she would lose the election, she married the successful candidate, and they now share the position.

Crimsonbeak: I understand the Widow Weeds is going to marry again.

Yeast: Why, she's lost three husbands! Wouldn't you suppose any one would be afraid to marry her?

C.: Not now. She must have learned to cook by this time.

Dr. Harcourt, of Baltimore, writes that he has seen women in Austria harnessed in the same cart with dogs. That looks terrible, says a New York Journal, but perhaps they may get as much comfort out of life after all as the New York women who make shirts for 6 cents a piece in a nasty tenement.

Among the titled Jews of England in this century the Jewish Chronicle mentions Sir Samuel Montagu, Sir Albert Sassoon, Sir Moses Montefiore, Sir Julian, Sir Francis and Sir Isaac Goldsmid, Sir Anthony and Sir Nathaniel Rothschild, Sir George Jessel, Sir David Salomons, Sir Augustus Harris and Lord Beaconsfield.

In Stuttgart, a few weeks ago, Pauline, the King's daughter, who dresses very plainly, was passing a sentinel, who, not recognizing her, failed to give the proper salutations, and a sergeant across the street attracted his attention, and by violent gesticulations endeavored to prompt him, whereupon the soldier said to the princess: "Say, Miss, the sergeant over there wants to see you."

An old gentleman, speaking to a young lady and commenting upon her freshness and good looks, remarked: "Ah, my dear, may you long retain them. Yours is a happy period of life; you know nothing yet of the jealousies, the heart-burnings, the contentions, the rivalries, that beset the pathway of existence."

"Don't I, though?" she interrupted; "I want you to understand that I belong to a church choir."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Some beautiful shades of gray, fawn and light brown are brought out among the crepons, fayettas, India cashmere, and veilings of the season. Sallow faced women can rarely wear neutral tints becomingly without some clever arrangement of lace or favoring color intervening, preventing hostility between the dress and the wearers' complexion. Colorless fair women must likewise discriminate between rival tints, for there are many neutral shadings that would be hurtful to their looks. There are, for example, grays and grays, as there are greens and greens, some of which are particularly becoming, others wholly the reverse. Many women have a hap-hazard way of selecting colors. They seem to fancy, for instance, that brown is brown, and buy the first fashionable shade that is offered without appearing to realize that, while clear golden brown may be eminently becoming, a chocolate, seal, or red-brown may be strikingly the opposite. So with the gray, fawn and beige tints. Going into a store with no definite ideas of the color or fabric required, women are very often led into hasty and regrettable purchases. It is far better to give some attention to the subject previously, and unless there are unquestionable reasons for altering the first decision it is in most cases best to adhere to it.

White skirts, which have practically been given the go-by of late, are again in fashion, made of new materials and trimmings. A serviceable and comparatively inexpensive skirt is pongee, trimmed with frills of pongee embroidery or with plain ruffles, feather stitched in constrasting colors. A particularly satisfactory feature of pongee skirts is that they wear well and wash well.

Included in the silken varieties of skirts is one of pure white china silk of a quality which, unlike the average so called china weave, is genuinely washable without losing its delicate color and lustre. This quality is firmer and closer than that which generally looks like a bit of yellow lining after being washed and ironed, and it costs more in the beginning, but in the end is infinitely cheaper, the skirt remaining a thing of beauty through an entire season.

For every day wear there are skirts made of checked and striped patterns—shepherd's plaids and broken plaids, hair stripes, irregular stripes and broad stripes, in two or more tones of color—which are great favorites. Here again corded edges distinguish the flounce, and very little lace is used for trimming.

In the costlier silk skirts nothing is handsomer than those made of fine quality pompadour satin, in old rose, buttercup yellow, deep violet, black or white, brocaded with small clusters of flowers contrasting or harmonizing in color.

These, cut very narrow at the top, and very wide at the bottom, are lined throughout with thin, soft, changeable silk and trimmed with the new heavy laces, matching in color or in black.

One such model of French design, finished with a very deep circular flounce, was extended at the back with an inch-wide and ten-inch long reed slipped into a shirr and held in place with an elastic, suggesting the return of the ubiquitous bustle of some years ago.

With the advent of cool autumn days white will till be worn, the serge and duck tailor-gowns being so popular that they will not be relegated to the closet till dreary skies are over us. The white crepon house-gowns, some of which are very handsome, will continue to be used all the year, and no prettier fabric can be selected for simple home evening gowns. Next in choice to the whites—both pearl and ivory—are the delicate colors, silver-gray, mastic, blue-gray, tan and old rose. They are simple fashioned, with plain full skirts—perhaps a single row of narrow moire ribbon round the bottom, put on plain—and full waists. A ribbon girdle and stock collar of becoming color is all the trimming.

More than ever this year women of taste are able to choose that which is most becoming and best calculated to enhance their attractions; for there is such variety both of fabrics, and styles of making that individuality has the fullest power for its expression.

Tailor-made dresses are the fashion, but they are smartened up as much as possible. A charming example was a brown coat with a deep basque and straight lines of braiding secured with buttons at one end, like the highwayman's coat of long ago. Beneath this was a long brocaded waistcoat, in a pretty kind of silk with chine flowers. It was very picturesque.

The caprice for borrowing details from masculine attire gowns is still more evident, and in tailor-made suits of linen duck for tennis, yachting, etc., there is really very little except the skirt to distinguish them from men's dress. Sailor hats, cloth caps, stiff neckties, with scarf-pins, starched shirt-fronts, pique-vests and cutaway jackets, fob chains, studs and so on. These little affectations appear very charming when displayed by sweet 16

Waists with jacket effects are shown with full vests of pleated spangled net. Some of these extend from the neck, while others are hung on a square yoke of lace.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Clam Croquettes.—The clams are first scalded five minutes in their own liquor, drained very dry and chopped fine, then mixed with the following mixture: Put into a double boiler a half pint of cream. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour; stir this, with a pinch of ground mace and a shake of cayenne, into the boiling cream with the clams and stir over the fire until it thickens; then add the beaten yolk of an egg and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley; stir until very thick and turn out to cool. When cold shape into small cylinders, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. This same mixture may be put into the clam shells (which should be nicely cleaned and washed), brushed over with the yolk of an egg, sprinkled with bread crumbs, a bit of butter on top and browned quickly in a hot oven. You may then call them "devilled."

Scalloped Calf's Head.—Put a layer of stale bread crumbs in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of pieces of calf's head, then a sprinkling of parsley and dusting of salt and pepper. Now another layer of bread crumbs, and so continue until the dish is full. Put a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of flour in a saucepan, and when melted add a half pint of stock left over from the soup. Stir until boiling, then add half a teaspoonful of salt, dash of pepper, and pour this over the scallop. Sprinkle with crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes and it is ready to serve.

Baked Egg Plant.—Peel and boil until soft, then drain thoroughly in a colander; put the egg plant into a pan. Take one slice of bread for a small egg plant, grate and mash the crumbs with the egg plant. Add salt, a dash of cayenne, a little allspice and cloves, butter and some chopped parsley. Chop one onion fine and fry it slightly in a large tablespoonful of butter, then put in the egg-plant mixture and let it cook for fifteen minutes. Just before taking it from the fire add the yolk of an egg and stir quickly. Put the mixture in a dish, spread it out, cover with bread crumbs, pour over the top a spoonful of melted butter and bake half an hour.

Apricot Souffle.—Put one pint of bread in half a pint of milk over the fire and stir till boiling hot. Press twelve pieces of apricot or peaches through the colander, stir into the bread and milk. Add a teaspoonful of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the slow-beaten whites of four eggs. Put this mixture into greased custard cups. Stand the cups in a baking pan of hot water and cook in a moderately hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve with wine sauce.

Salt Rheum.—Take half a pound of swamp sassafras-bark and boil it, in enough fresh water to cover it, for the space of half an hour. Take off the water, and thoroughly wash the part affected. Add hog's lard to some of the water, and simmer it over a moderate fire until the water is evaporated; anoint the part affected, continuing the washing four days. A cure is generally certain.

Simple Disinfectant.—The following is a refreshing disinfectant for a sick room, or any room that has an unpleasant aroma pervading it: Put some fresh ground coffee in a saucer, and in the center place a small piece of camphor gum, which light with a match. As the gum burns allow sufficient coffee to consume with it. The perfume is very pleasant and healthful—being far superior to pastiles and very much cheaper.

To Protect the Lungs from Dust.—In farm labor one has often to encounter a hurtful dust. A simple and cheap protection from such an annoyance is to get a piece of sponge large enough to cover the nostrils and mouth, hollow it out on one side with a pair of scissors, to fit the face, attach a string to each side and tie it on. First wet it well, and squeeze out most of the water. Repeat this whenever the sponge becomes dry. All the dust will be caught in the damp cavities, and it is easily washed out.

Bee Stings.—Take a pinch in the fingers of common salt, put on the place stung and dissolve with water, rub with the finger. If not relieved in one minute wet the place with aqua ammonia. Care should be taken not to get the ammonia into the eye. I have used this remedy for several years and it has never failed with me. It has always arrested the poison and prevented swelling.

The Folk-Lore of Fishing.—An interesting article on the folk-lore of fishing says: "When starting for the river, if you have to turn back and get something that you have forgotten, you are sure to catch little or nothing that day. This is an article of Devon folk-lore; and I am inclined to think the West Country folk right herein. The disappointment, the hurry, and the bringing of wrong things always act prejudicially upon what ought to be the unruffled even temper of a successful angler. He becomes hasty and rash, most often with ill results to his basket. In the Western Highlands it is currently believed that, if you see a colt with its back to you when starting in the morning on a fishing excursion, it is the worst of luck, only to be exceeded should you hear a cuckoo before breakfast.

"Readers of St. John's Wild Sports will remember his gilly's delight at their starting on a sporting expedition when the first person they met was one of the prettiest girls in the country, and his remark, 'Deed, sir, that's a bonnie lass, and as gude as she is bonnie. It's just gude luck our meeting her; if we had met the old witch her mother, not a beast would we have seen the day.'

"The superstition prevails all through the Highlands whenever men go fishing. Indeed a good start means a good finish with the Scotch, just as it did in the old Greek proverb, 'The beginning is half of the whole.' Of course, if the angler be salmon-fishing, the quarry must never be called anything but 'a fish.'

"The Japanese carry the belief about luck in meeting certain persons as you go fishing still further, and say, 'A fisherman meeting a priest will have no luck that day.' It may be hoped, seeing how many English clergymen haunt the trout-streams, that the belief does not hold good in that meridian.

"Swedish folk-lore has something to say about the start in fishing. Tell no one, it prescribes, when you are going out to fish, and never mention on your return whether you have caught many or few. No stranger should on any account see how many fish you have taken. As for the time to begin fishing, Izaak Walton directs it to be 'when the mulberry tree buds.'

"The old Herefordshire rhyme says, 'When the bud of the aul [alder] is as big as the trout's eye, then the fish is in season i' the river Wye.' Many anglers hate to see magpies when fishing. Sir H. Davey, in Salmonia, lucidly explains the reason—'For anglers in spring it is always unlucky to see a single magpie, but two may always be regarded as a favorable omen; and the reason is that in cold and stormy weather one magpie alone leaves the rest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but, when two go out together, it is only when the weather is mild and warm and favorable for fishing.'"

The Cost of a Joke.—Visitors to one of the old castles in England are shown two rooms which are connected by a singular mechanism. Each room has a little alcove, used as a sleeping apartment, and the floors of the alcoves, which adjoin each other, turn on a pivot in the centre of the partition wall. This ingenious device was the invention of one of the ancestors of the present proprietor, who was somewhat of a wag and found great pleasure in frightening and mystifying his guests. When one had gone to bed in the green room and the other in the blue, the floors were turned on their pivots, and on awaking the visitor found himself in strange quarters, with clothes that were not his own. It is said that this fun-loving lord lost a rich inheritance by thus disturbing the restful moments of a wealthy aunt, who never forgave the trick her nephew played upon her.

Imprudent Parents.—A fine-looking man, of noble physique, and clad in overcoat, gloves and stout boots, was walking out the other day with his little three-year old daughter—a pale-faced child, with bare neck and arms, and slippers. A neighbor, meeting them, began to ask, with great apparent concern, after the father's health, adding: "But I'm glad your little one does not inherit your feeble constitution." "Feeble constitution!" exclaimed the astonished parent; "why, I was never sick a day in my life; while, as to my daughter, we fear she has her mother's consumptive tendencies." "Indeed!" replied his friend, with a sly twinkle of the eye, "you take such extra care to protect yourself from the cold, while she goes bare-necked and in thin shoes, that I inferred it was you that inherited the mother's consumptive tendencies and not she."

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

For Internal and External Use.

In using medicines to stop pain we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Chloroform, Ether, Cocaine and Choloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, the patient losing the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it makes the symptoms, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least danger, in either infant or adult.

It instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

Instantly relieves and soon cures

Sore Throat,	**Colds, Coughs,**
Inflammation,	**Sciatica,**
Lumbago,	**Rheumatism,**
Neuralgia,	**Influenza,**

Difficult Breathing.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal pains.

MALARIA,

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

50 cts. a Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Always Reliable.
Purely Vegetable.

—THE—

GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY

An Excellent and Mild Cathartic.

PERFECTLY TASTELESS.

Over Forty Years in Use and Never Known to Fail.

Possesses properties the most extraordinary in restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action the various organs, the natural conditions of which are so necessary for health, grapple with and neutralize the impurities, driving them completely out of the system.

RADWAY'S PILLS

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Sick Headache,
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Recent Book Issues.

Part 7 of the great "Book of the Fair" is out and it seems to improve the further it goes. It is altogether the best souvenir, in its thousands of photographs and splendid text, that has yet been offered the public in connection with the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It is the Fair itself, reproduced and perpetuated in its fullest scope and smallest detail so far as it lies in the power of picture-art and language to bring such a result about. To be completed in 25 parts. Price, $1 00 per part. Published at Chicago.

The World's Fair of 1893 produced a great deal of literature. One interesting book which is the direct outgrowth of the Columbian Exhibition is "The Bachelor of the Midway," by St. George Rathborne. It contains graphic pen pictures of the Midway Plaisance, and a romance in which a Chicago wheat king and his two wives are leading characters. Published by the Mascot Publishing Co., New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Among the twenty or more readable articles in "The Quiver" for September are "An Unfashionable Slum in Manchester," illustrated; "Dependence With Liberty," "After Long Absence," by Rev. F. R. Power; "Science and Theology," "My Little Paradise," illustrated; "All Souls Are Mine," by Rev. Daniel Moore; "How God Delivers in Times of Need," "Scripture Lessons," "The Music of the Psalms," three complete stories and instalments of two serials; poetry, music, etc. The frontispiece is a portrait of the Countess of Aberdeen. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

"Lippincott's Magazine" for September contains the complete novel, "Captain Molly," by Mary A. Dennison, which deals with the philanthropic work of the Salvation Army. "The Evolution of the Heroine" is an entertaining essay by Prof. H. H. Boyesen. The "Human Horses," written about by Walter Rogers Furness are the jinsick isha-bearers of Japan. F. K. Henry writes of "Inconsistent Franchises" in the mingling of trusts with insurance. The editor discusses "Writers and Typewriters" in "Talks with the Trade." Published in this city.

Prof. James Sully, of University College, London, heads the list of contributors to the September "Popular Science Monthly" with the second of his Studies of Childhood, dealing with "The Imaginative Side of Play." An enterprise of enormous possibilities is described in an illustrated article by Ernest A. Le Sueur under the title "Commercial Power Development at Niagara." Other interesting articles are "The Humming Birds of Chocorna," "Ethical Relations Between Man and Beast," "Arctic Temperatures and Exploration," "Parasitic and Predaceous Insects," "The New Mineralogy," "Scientific Education," etc. In the Editor's Table, "Social Disturbances and Endowment of Research" are discussed. D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

IT CURED THEM.—Some curious facts of hypnotic influence are related by a correspondent. Says he: I saw a crowd collected round a carriage in the street. Pushing my way into the midst of the people, I saw a pale young man in the carriage suffering from bleeding at the nose, holding out the forefingers of each hand to a gentleman, evidently a physician, who was engaged in tying them together with a string placed around the last joint of each finger. I asked him if that would cure the nose-bleeding, and he answered curtly, "Yes." I waited a few minutes and saw the cure effected.

A few days later I tried the remedy on my office boy, who had a severe case of nose-bleeding, and it cured him almost immediately. I asked a regular physician about it and he replied gruffly, "Hypnotism." This I did not quite understand or believe, but it set me thinking.

Last Thursday evening a couple of young ladies, the daughters of my next-door neighbor, who had been attending a church entertainment, returned home in a state of laughing hysteria—the "giggler" in Mrs. Jarley's wax-works had been too much for them.

I was called in as a friend to see what could be done for them. It was no laughing matter, for they were having spells of fainting. I tied up their finger joints with strings, telling them that it would cure them; and it did.

CHOOSING FRIENDS.—Friends should be few—that is, those whom we would retain as our bosom friends; and they should be those on whom we can depend for some firm and solid reason other than a mere sentiment, which may be changed by more powerful motives.

There are few who can enter into the the deep and earnest friendship which David describes as between him and Jonathan: "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman."

A man's duties and every-day work would in many cases preclude him from cementing friendships of so close and sacred a character. But he may be on terms of friendship in different degrees with every one with whom he comes in contact.

It is not too much to say that there is some spark of goodness even in the most degraded of our race, and therefore it should be the earnest endeavor of everyone desirous of obtaining friendship to find the ground of association between himself and his fellow-man; to claim it and cherish it, and gain a friend on that one ground, if all beside should proclaim rather an enmity—but which a friendly nature would be careful not to declare in an unfriendly way.

So in all our troubles and cares, our anxieties and misfortunes, our joys and successes, we would have a multitude of sympathizing friends; and they would be real friends in the degree that we have thoughts in common, and by the common tie and feeling we would always claim them.

We should not mistake as our friends mere acquaintances of whom we know nothing, or familiar faces. The chances are that there are many whom names we do not even know, more firmly united to us in friendship by the bonds of common feeling, hopes and aspirations, than those to whom we are accustomed to bid good-morrow. True friendship is a noble thing, and there are many instances of its perfection.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.—The celebrated round tower (Rundetoarn) of Copenhagen, one of the most curious antiquities of Denmark, is being restored at present. It was erected towards the end of the 11th century, during the reign of Canute VI. It is 195 feet high, and 65 in diameter. By means of a spiral gallery in the interior, on a gentle incline, the ascension may be made either on horseback or in a carriage.

From the roof, which is not protected by any balustrade, a view of a radius of more than 12 miles round may be obtained, including the city of Copenhagen, which the tower overlooks. For a long time the Rundetoarn has served as a fortress and State prision.

Among the different historic legends connected with the building is that of a visit by Peter the Great at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and of a dramatic incident which occured on that occasion. The King of Denmark, Frederick IV., whose guest Peter then was, accompanied the latter on this excursion. The two sovereigns had arrived at the summit, and Peter was explaining to Frederick his political system, when he suddenly remarked, "Shall I give you an example of the power of my authority?"

Then, without waiting for the reply of Frederick, the founder of the Russian monarchy made a sign to a Cossack in his suite, and pointing to the abyss beneath, said, "Leap."

The man looked at the Czar, saluted him, and then, without hesitation, precipitated himself to the open space. "What do you think of that?" said Peter, turning towards the King of Denmark. "Have you any such subjects?" "No, thank Heaven!" replied the other.

GOOD USE OF A FLAG.—In Havana there was one evening a great row in the streets, and a man was killed. Every one ran away except an Englishman, who did not see why he should run off, but stopped to do what he could for the wounded man. The city was then, as it often was, under martial law, and in a few minutes a party of soldiers came up and walked the Englishman off.

He was tried then and there by a sort of drum-head court-martial, and condemned to be shot the next morning at eight o'clock. He managed to get the news conveyed to the English consul, and at a quarter to eight o'clock the next morning the consul appeared in his coach-and-four, uniform, cocked-hat and sword, all his orders on, etc. The shooting-party were drawn out, and the prisoner was there too. The consul walked up to the officer commanding the party and demanded the life of his countryman.

"Very sorry," said the officer, "but I must carry out my orders;" and he showed the warrant, signed by the governor.

"Well," said the consul, "at least you'll allow me to shake hands with him before he dies."

"I can't refuse that," was the reply.

On which the consul stepped up to the Englishman, put his hand into his breast coat pocket, drew out a Union Jack, unfolded it, threw it over the man, and then said, "There now—fire if you dare!"

The lieutenant was staggered, the matter was referred to the governor, and the Englishman was saved.

HOW TO GET A CHEAP DINNER.—The "Omnibus" of Naples relates the following story of a man who, within the last few days, found means to turn to account the popular apprehensions of poisoners which have prevailed there since the appearance of the cholera. The individual in question being exceedingly hungry, and having only a single coin of the value of a sou, laid it out in the purchase of powdered sugar, and as he passed by the stand of one of those open-air cooks who make a kind of large pancake called frittalle, he dropped, apparently by accident, some of the sugar into the frying-pan. He was instantly seized by the bystanders as a poisoner caught in the act. He denied vigorously the truth of the allegation, and at last, to prove his innocence, offered to eat the contents of the pan. This proposition was accepted, and he accordingly despatched the pancake with great relish, and then walked off well satisfied with the success of his trick.

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Humorous.

SMALL WONDER.

"'Tis the woman of thirty whose reign has
begun,
And the chit of sixteen 's but a bore;
The debutante's day in the world is done,
Ingennes are amusing no more!"

These the words overheard in a flower-girt
hall,
At a typical end-of-the-century ball.

And the listener smiled, as he wondered who
Had discovered the words that were penned,
When the century and Balzac were new,
On this day—at the century's end.

And then for a glimpse of the speaker
sought he.
He smiled again; 'twas a woman of forty!

—POLLARD.

Pugilistic photographs—Striking likenesses.

The only plot in which there is no mystery—A plot of grass.

Is the being tender to another man's sweetheart a legal tender?

Horses sometimes run for cups, but not half so often as men do.

Even if a man is color-blind, he can easily tell when he feels blue.

When does a clock resemble a discontented workman?—When it strikes.

The most productive grounds ever known—The grounds of suspicion.

You've got to raise the wind if you want to be a heavy swell at the seashore.

Wooden: "What a funny head that fellow has!" Wagg: "Yes, he's a humorist."

Girls in the country post-offices are mail clerks, although they indignantly deny it.

"A man can't help what is done behind his back," as the scamp said when kicked out of doors.

Why shouldn't a boy throw dust in his teacher's eyes?—Because it may occasion harm to the pupil.

He who can find nobody that will credit a word he says, may fairly boast that he has no creditors.

That was a considerate reporter who, in writing of the demise of a spinster of eighty, said: "She died at an advanced youth."

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard?—Because neither of them is satisfied with the moderate use of the glass.

Question for debating society: If a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on or let go?

Judge: "I understand that you prefer charges against this man?" Grocer: "No, sir; I prefer cash, and that's what I had him brought here for."

Do not let your overweening modesty prevent you from recording your own good deeds. A real estate man lost a fortune once through an unrecorded deed.

"Do you know Brown—a dried-up old man?"

"Yes, I know Brown, but the description doesn't fit. He talks incessantly and never dries up!"

"You are at the very bottom of the hill," said a physician to a sick patient; "but I shall endeavor to get you up again." "I fear I shall be out of breath before I reach the top," was the reply.

An Irishman, who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and that they were both to fire at the same time!

The question why printers do not succeed so well as brewers, was thus answered: Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach, and where twenty men have stomachs but one has brains.

First patriot: "Mr. Greenhead wants ter be 'lected Senator." Second patriot: "What kind o' man is he?" "Us boys called on him last night to talk things over, and I've gotter splittin' headache this mornin'." "I'm for him."

"If—if you only knew what the bill was for," sobbed the young wife, "you would b-be ashamed to scold so about it."

"What was it for?" demanded John.

"My birthday present for you," said the sad little wife.

"Soggins is engaged to Maude Pottleton. I am glad of it, too, because I think she is the kind of girl to help a man along."

"She is, indeed. They say he would never have proposed if she hadn't helped him over the hard part of it."

People say they shell pease when they unshell them; that they husk corn when they unhusk it; that they dust furniture when they undust it, or take the dust from it; that they skin a calf when they unskin it, and that they scale fishes when they unscale them. Many men say they are going to weed their gardens, when their gardens are weedy enough already.

HE UNDERSTOOD AT LAST.—Only very recently, in a little village in the South of Devonshire, a man and women, whose banns had been duly read out, presented themselves with their friends before the altar in the parish church, in order that the marriage ceremony might take place.

The service proceeded in a satisfactory and pleasant manner until the important part was reached where the clergyman asked the bride the decisive question—

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

The person was completely taken aback and all present were utterly astounded when the woman coolly replied, with considerable emphasis—

"No, that I won't; and he knows that I have often told him so!"

"For what reason then did you come to the church, and make me and all look so stupid by having to take part in this foolish affair?" asked the clergyman with evident chagrin.

"Well," was the reply, "he would bother me again and again, and I couldn't get any peace at all, so I thought I would settle the matter for ever by telling him once more before you and all present that I've fully made up my mind to have nothing whatever to do with him."

And leaving the astonished parson and bridegroom to themselves, she, in company with her friends, resolutely marched out of the church.

DOGS AND THEIR PLAYTHINGS.—The dog, the greatest friend of man, is known to emulate the virtues and even the vices of mankind; but few would suspect the intelligent and stately Newfoundland dog of as great a love of playthings as any child for its dolls.

An owner of as splendid a Newfoundland as ever gladdened the heart of Landseer, records the fact that it was intensely fond of its playthings.

"It was in the orchard," said this dog's master, "that it usually found its playthings and conveyed them to its sanctum. These consisted chiefly of sardine tins, balls, flower-pots, chunks of wood, etc., but the prime favorite of all its possessions was a large tea-kettle.

"This it would bark to and play with for hours together. By day it kept it in a corner of its stall and carried apples to it from the orchard. At night it sleeps close to the doggie's side, sometimes quite buried up with straw."

It was clear that there was nothing half so sweet in life to this Newfoundland dog as that old black kettle, as anyone soon discovered on making any attempt to deprive it of its loved plaything.

TO THE MUSIC OF THE HANDLE.—"I daresay you would hardly expect to hear that we sometimes get private engagements, and are booked to appear with our instrument frequently weeks beforehand," remarked a master organ-grinder recently.

"Such is the fact, however, although such jobs are not so plentiful as we should like. School treats, for instance, we often attend; sometimes going down by road the day before, and occasionally receiving $2.50 or more for our exertions, in addition to having a free run on the tea and cake.

"Besides dancing to the music it gives the youngsters some fun to turn the handle themselves; and so the people who get up these outings find we can add a lot to the day's pleasure.

"I remember once, too, when a cabman was married, being engaged to take my organ into the mews, and, while the guests danced in an empty stable, we played the organ outside the open door till nearly two o'clock; and, the men subscribing a quarter each, nearly ten dollars we took before the affair ended—slept in a hayloft all night and finished off the wedding supper in the morning."

AFTER EIGHT WEEKS.—In the year 1883, near a certain village in Cheshire, several children were playing at horses in a hayfield. One of them while pretending to eat grass got a piece of about an inch long fast under and at the back of his tongue.

The boy, being unable to extract it himself, was afraid to tell his parents at the time, and so let it remain in. At the end of a week, under the tongue began to gather and became very painful. A doctor was called in who pronounced it to be an abscess. After eight weeks had elapsed, when bathing the face externally on the cheek near the ear, the end of a piece of grass became visible.

Upon its being seen it was extracted, and the so-called abscess began to heal, and in a short time was quite well, leaving only a scar the shape of a horseshoe where it was extracted. Thus the grass worked its way backwards behind the jaw, in the neck, and came out in the cheek.

NOT SO EASY.—When Joachim, the celebrated violinist, was living at Hanover, he took it into his head to learn skating. He went on the ice, had the skates fastened on, and asked the attendant to give him a few directions.

"Oh," said the latter, "it is easy enough, Herr Bandmaster. You throw out one leg and then the other, and off you go."

Well and good! Joachim threw out one leg and then the other, and flop! there he lay sprawling on the ice.

"Oh, ay, Herr Bandmaster," said the attendant, with a malicious grin, "it is easy enough, but then it's not quite as easy as fiddling, you know."

VERY YOUNG.—In a certain part of Poland it is the custom for people to marry when very young. A Yankee who had visited that country was giving his impressions in a manner characteristic of his kind.

"There is one thing about that place which actually astonished me. They have very early marriages there. One day I took shelter from the rain in a cottage. There I found a tiny girl sobbing bitterly, at the same time pushing backwards and forwards a swinging cot in which another child was going off to sleep.

"'Why weepest thou, my child?' I asked her.

"'Alas! Woe is unto me! Woe is unto me! Mine husband hath the measles and I am trying to soothe him to sleep.'"

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No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m, Additional for Shamo in Express, week-days, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 8.00, 9.00, 10.45 a m., (Saturday only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 5.45 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m., 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 exc. train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 exc. train 7.00 a m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot; week-days—Express, 6.20 (Mondays only 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 10.15 a m, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. $1.00 exc. train 6.00 p m., from foot Mississippi Ave. does not stop at depot. Sundays—Express, 8.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 9.30 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 exc. train, 6.10 p m., from foot of Mississippi Ave., does not stop at Depot.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 7.25 a m, 3.35 p m. Sundays, 8.35 a m, 4.35 p m.

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